THE TIMBREL.

A COLLECTION OF

Solos, Duets, and Choruses,

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY REV. J. W. DADMUN,

Author of "Revival Melodies," "The Melodeon," "Eolean Harp," &c.

BOSTON:

FOR SALE BY J. P. MAGEE, 5 CORNHILL.

32624

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PREFACE.

The more the children sing the more they want to sing. No matter how many singing books are published, each one will have something new, something to inspire a new and increasing interest in the Sunday-school cause. We have issued the TIMBREL, believing it will contribute its full share of inspiration to the cause we all love.

Nearly every piece is arranged in full harmony, with the exception of now and then a Solo, or Duet. We have been careful to arrange the music within the compass of ordinary voices. This we think is a *desideratum*. We doubt whether any Sunday-school singing book can furnish a larger variety of *new* pieces than the TIMBREL. Mrs. P. A. Hanaford, "Mabelle," J. W. Stewart, W. Dexter Smith, Jr., Rev. L. Hartsough, and others have contributed some pieces of rare beauty.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

Take the Sunday-school TIMBREL, and sing ye unto the Lord gloriously.

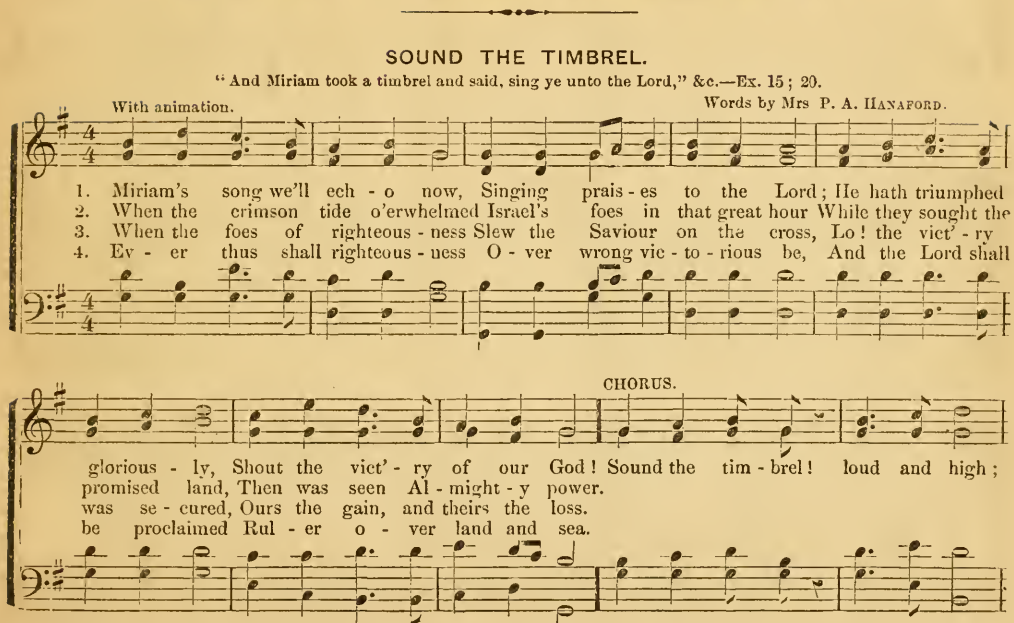
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Rev. J. W. DADMUN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

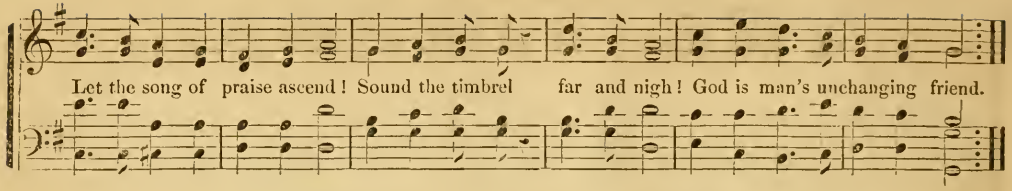
A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

THE TIMBREL.

SOUND THE TIMBREL.

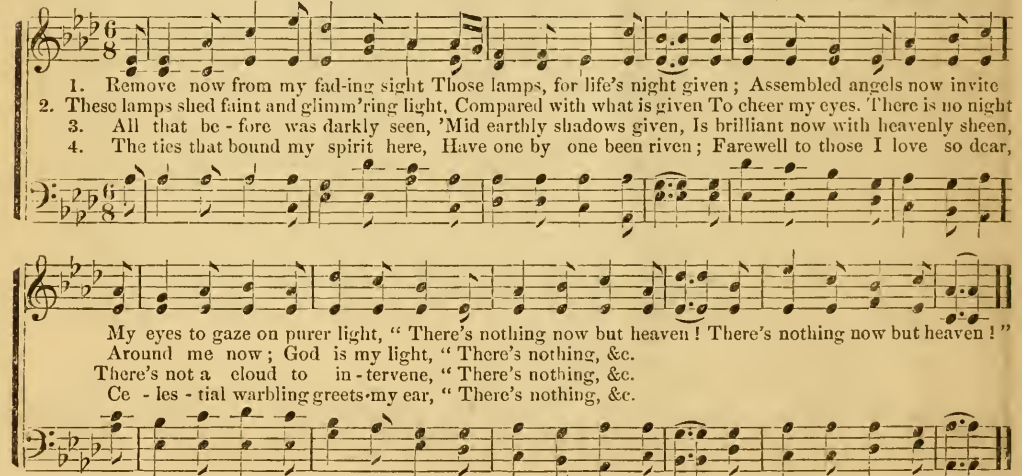
"And Miriam took a timbrel and said, sing ye unto the Lord," &c.—Ex. 15; 20.





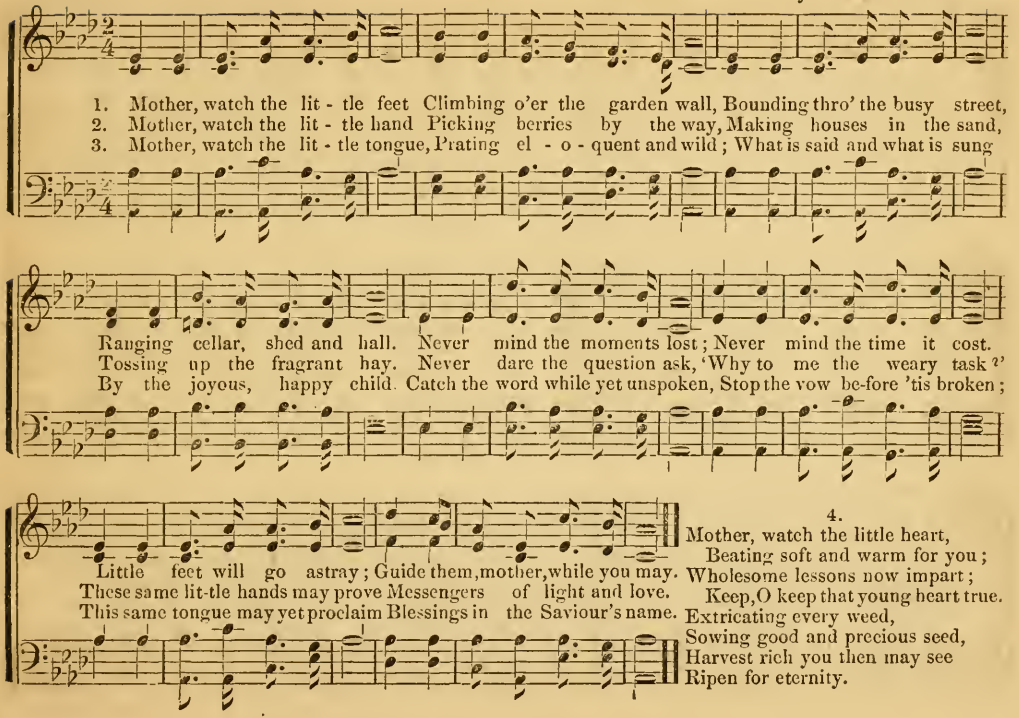
THERE'S NOTHING NOW BUT HEAVEN. *

Words by Rev. JAMES SPENCER.



* A short time before the late Rev. SAMUEL ROBINSON, of St. John, N. B., deceased, he said to those who were with him in the room; " Put out the lights; there is nothing now but heaven! "

Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder.



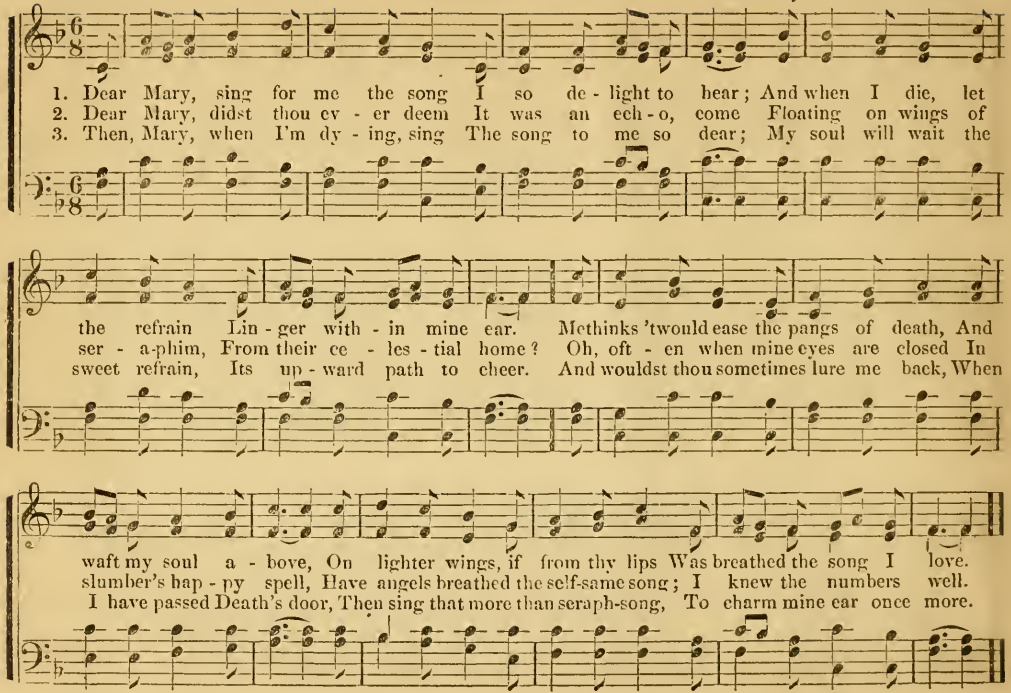
4.

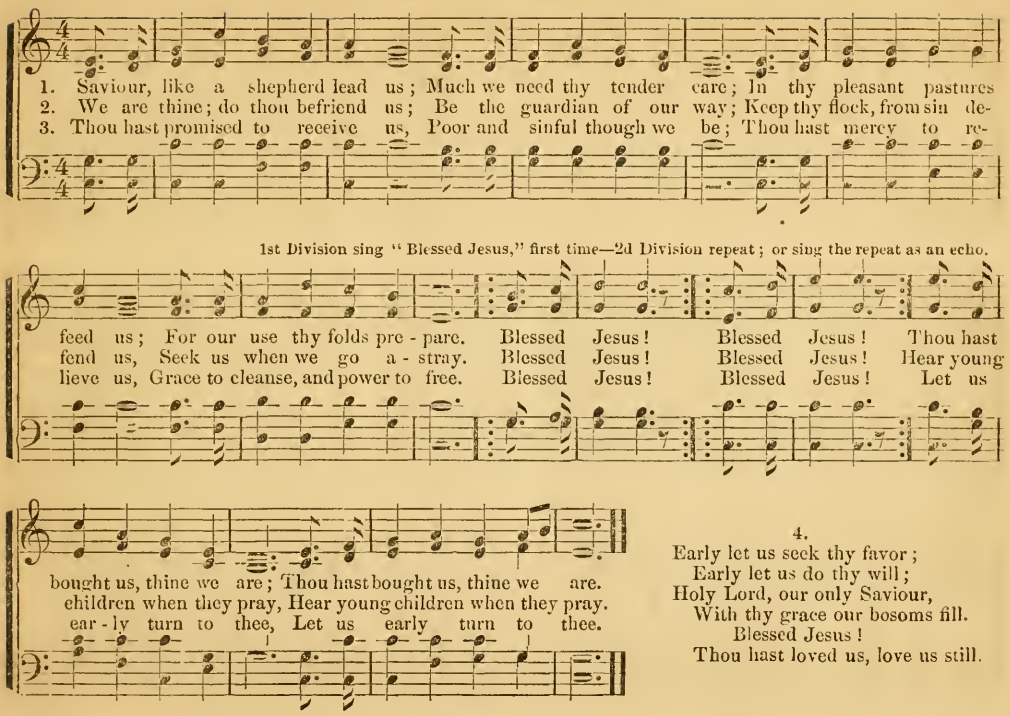
Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, O keep that young heart true.
Extricating every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed,
Harvest rich you then may see
Ripen for eternity.

THE SONG I LOVE.

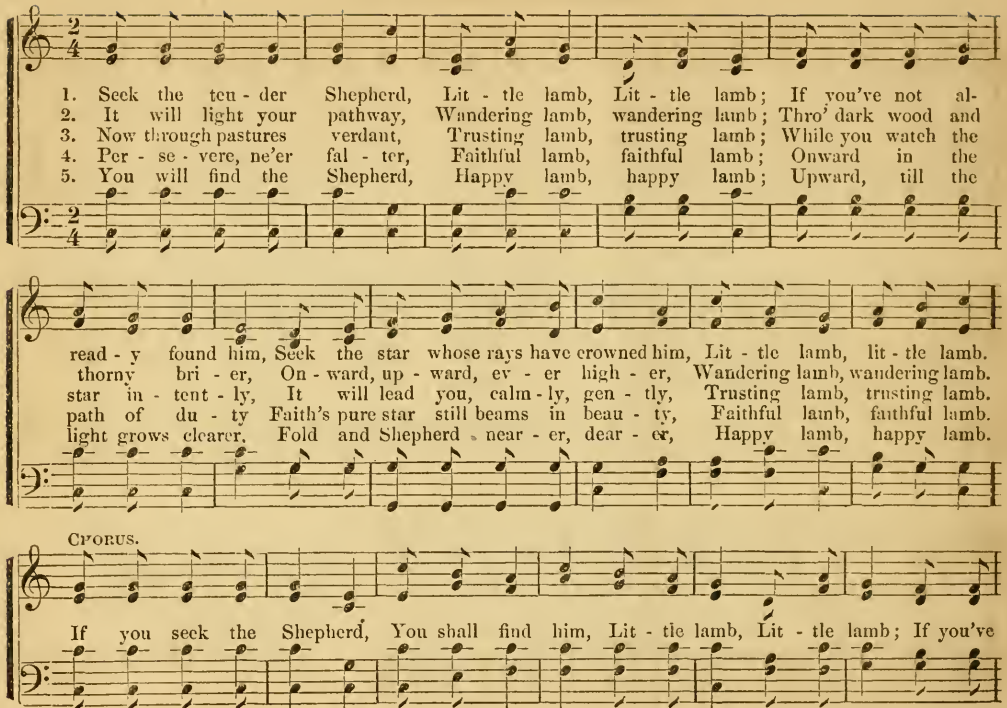
Moderato.

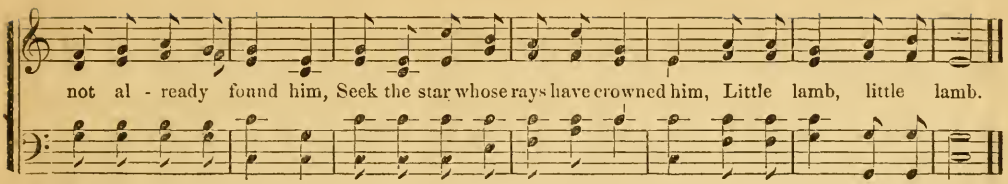
Words by Louisa B. Flanders.





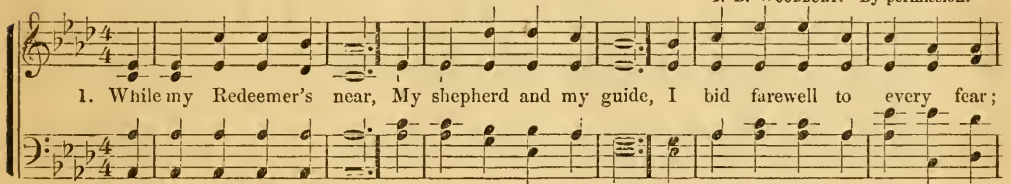
4.
Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With thy grace our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

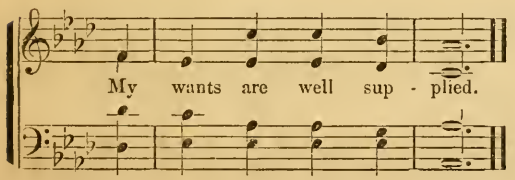

1. Seek the ten - der Shepherd, Lit - tle lamb, Lit - tle lamb; If you've not al-
2. It will light your pathway, Wandering lamb, wandering lamb; Thro' dark wood and
3. Now through pastures verdant, Trusting lamb, trusting lamb; While you watch the
4. Per - se - vere, ne'er fal - ter, Faithful lamb, faithful lamb; Onward in the
5. You will find the Shepherd, Happy lamb, happy lamb; Upward, till the
read - y found him, Seek the star whose rays have crowned him, Lit - tle lamb, lit - tle lamb.
thorny bri - er, On - ward, up - ward, ev - er high - er, Wandering lamb, wandering lamb.
star in - tent - ly, It will lead you, calm - ly, gen - tly, Trusting lamb, trusting lamb.
path of du - ty Faith's pure star still beams in beau - ty, Faithful lamb, faithful lamb.
light grows clearer. Fold and Shepherd near - er, dear - er, Happy lamb, happy lamb.
CHORUS.
If you seek the Shepherd, You shall find him, Lit - tle lamb, Lit - tle lamb; If you've



LAKE ENON. S. M.

I. B. Woodbury. By permission.





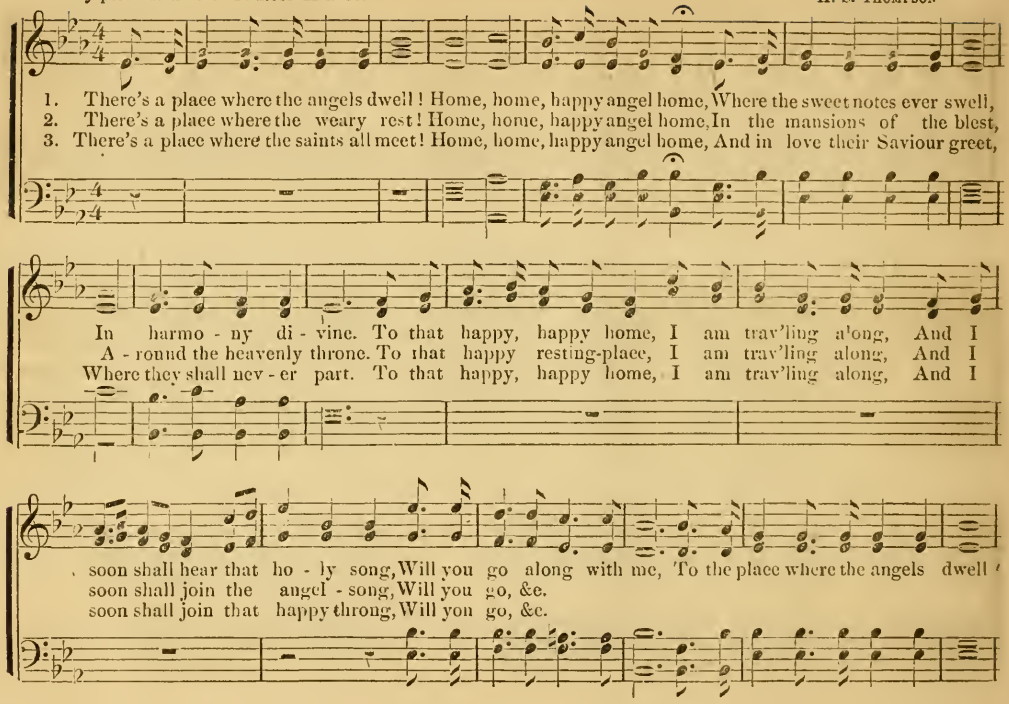
2 To ever fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

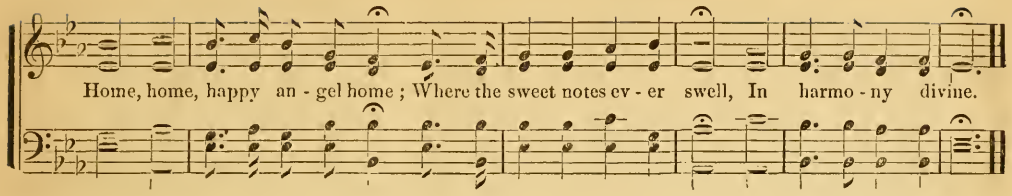
3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
And guard me with thy watchful eye,
And let me rove no more.

MY HAPPY ANGEL HOME.

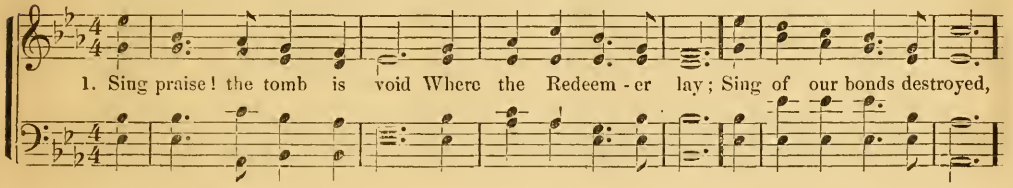
By permission of G. D. Russell & Co.

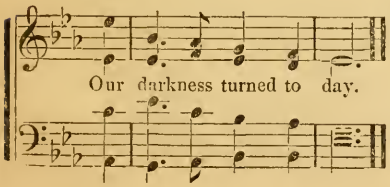
H. S. Thompson





THE TOMB IS VOID. 6s.





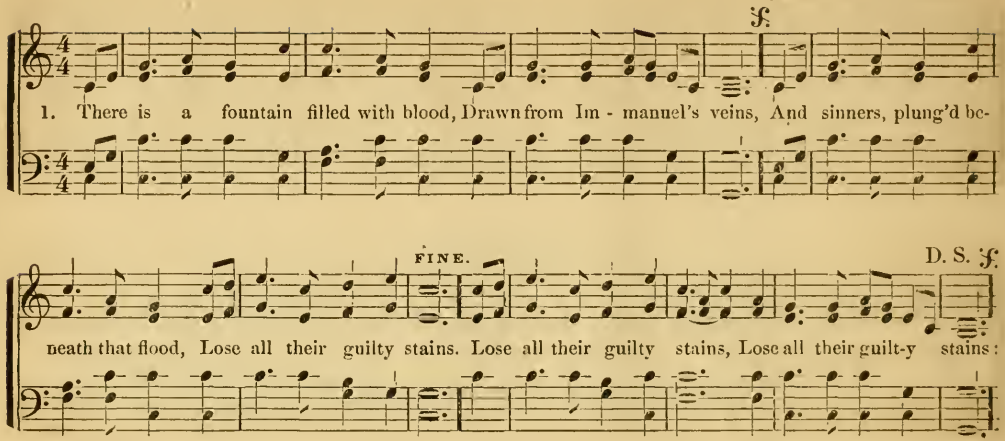
2 Weep for your dead no more ;
Friends, be of joyful cheer ;
Our Star moves on before,
Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He, who so patiently
The crown of thorns did wear,
He hath gone up on high ;
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is the truth revealed,
His majesty and might ;
The grave has been unsealed ;
Christ is our life and light.

5 His vict'ry hath destroyed
The shafts that once would slay ;
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

Furnished by Mrs. Rev. F. Bottome.

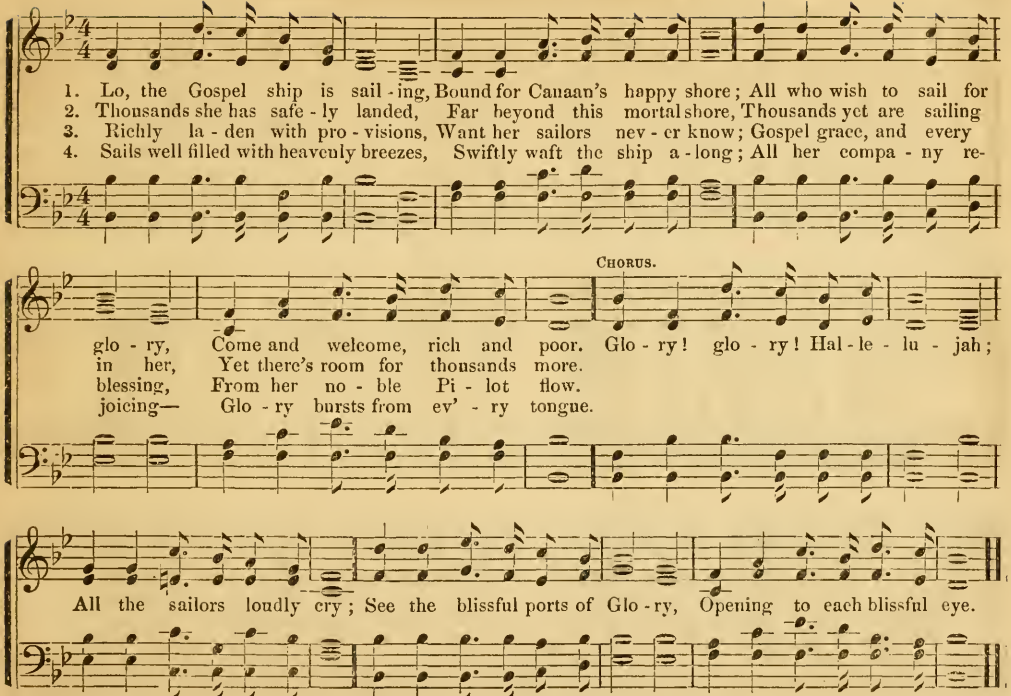


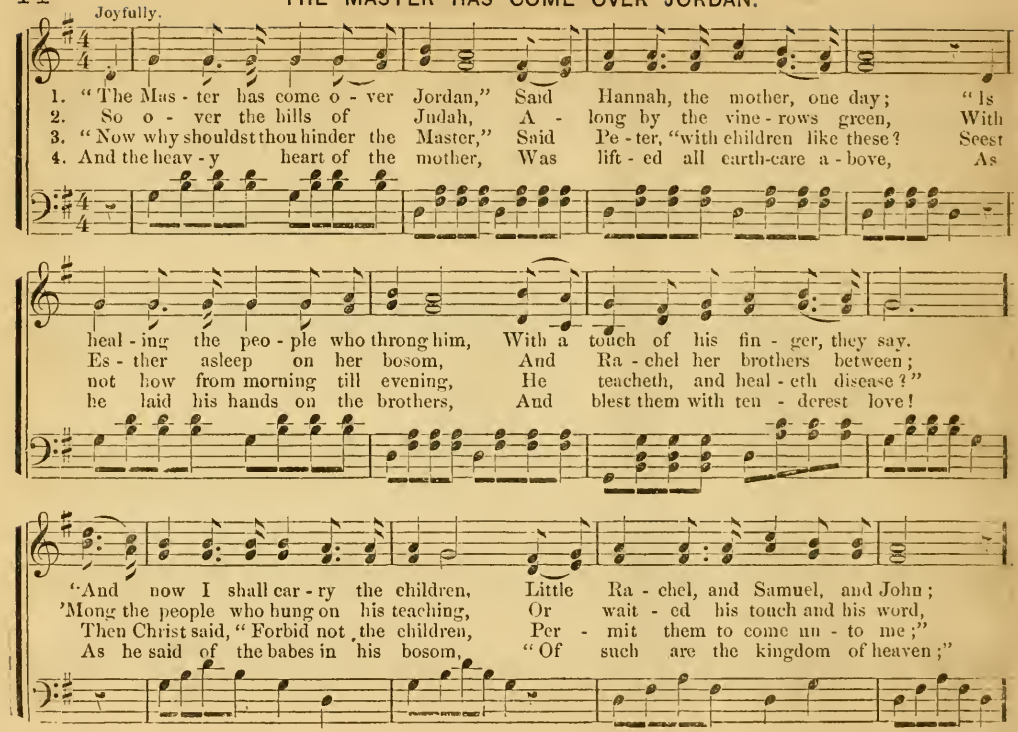
2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

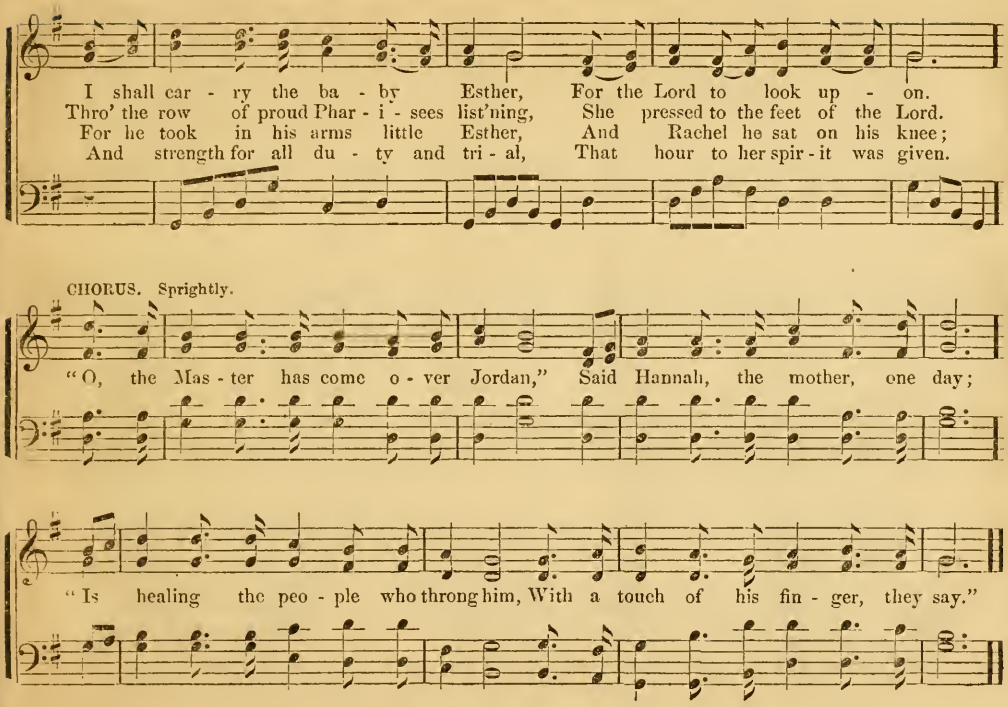
3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

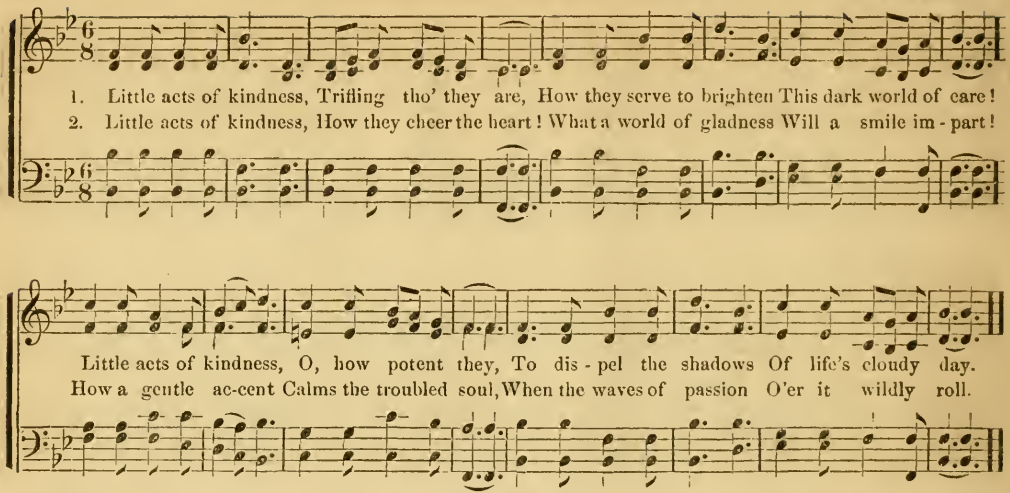
5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.


1. Lo, the Gospel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore; All who wish to sail for
2. Thousands she has safe - ly landed, Far beyond this mortal shore, Thousands yet are sailing
3. Richly la - den with pro - visions, Want her sailors nev - er know; Gospel grace, and every
4. Sails well filled with heavenly breezes, Swiftly waft the ship a - long; All her compa - ny re-
CHORUS.
glo - ry, Come and welcome, rich and poor. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah;
in her, Yet there's room for thousands more.
blessing, From her no - ble Pi - lot flow.
joicing— Glo - ry bursts from ev' - ry tongue.
All the sailors loudly cry; See the blissful ports of Glo - ry, Opening to each blissful eye.


Joyfully.
1. "The Mas - ter has come o - ver Jordan," Said Hannah, the mother, one day; "Is
heal - ing the peo - ple who throng him, With a touch of his fin - ger, they say.
2. So o - ver the hills of Judah, A - long by the vine - rows green, With
Es - ther asleep on her bosom, And Ra - chel her brothers between;
3. "Now why should st thou hinder the Master," Said Pe - ter, "with children like these? Seest
not how from morning till evening, He teacheth, and heal - eth disease?"
4. And the heav - y heart of the mother, Was lift - ed all earth-care a - bove, As
he laid his hands on the brothers, And blest them with ten - derest love!
"And now I shall car - ry the children, Little Ra - chel, and Samuel, and John;
'Mong the people who hung on his teaching, Or wait - ed his touch and his word,
Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children, Per - mit them to come un - to me;"
As he said of the babes in his bosom, "Of such are the kingdom of heaven;"


I shall car - ry the ba - by Esther, For the Lord to look up - on.
Thro' the row of proud Phar - i - sees list'ning, She pressed to the feet of the Lord.
For he took in his arms little Esther, And Rachel he sat on his knee;
And strength for all du - ty and tri - al, That hour to her spir - it was given.
CHORUS. Sprightly.
"O, the Mas - ter has come o - ver Jordan," Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"Is healing the peo - ple who throng him, With a touch of his fin - ger, they say."

E. W. Kellogg.

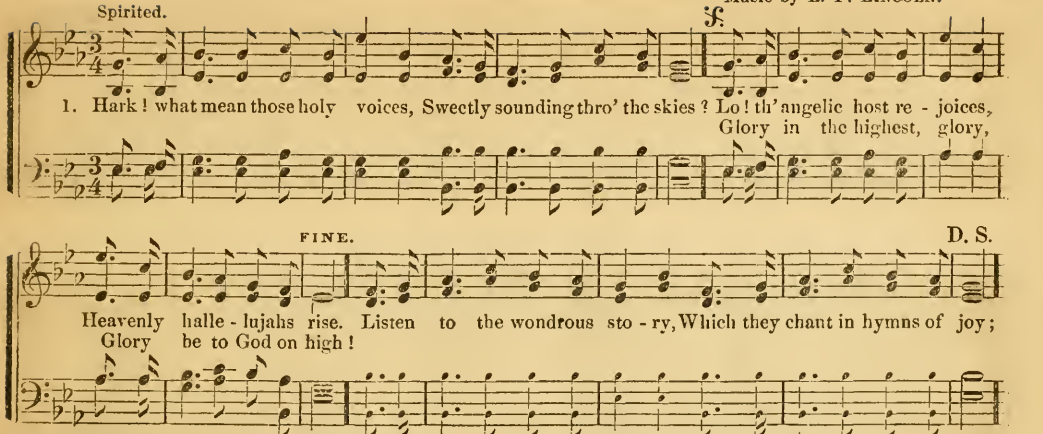


3 You may have around you
Sunshine, if you will;
Or a host of shadows,
Gloomy, dreary, chill.
If you want the sunshine,
Smile, though sad at heart;
To the poor and needy
Kindly aid impart.

4 To the soul-despairing
Breathe a hopeful word;
From your lips be only
Tones of kindness heard.
Even give for anger,
Love and tenderness;
And in blessing others
You yourself will bless.

5 Little acts of kindness,
Nothing do they cost;
Yet, when they are wanting
Life's best charm is lost.
Little acts of kindness,
Richest gems of earth,
Though they seem but trifles,
Priceless is their worth.

Music by L. P. LINCOLN.

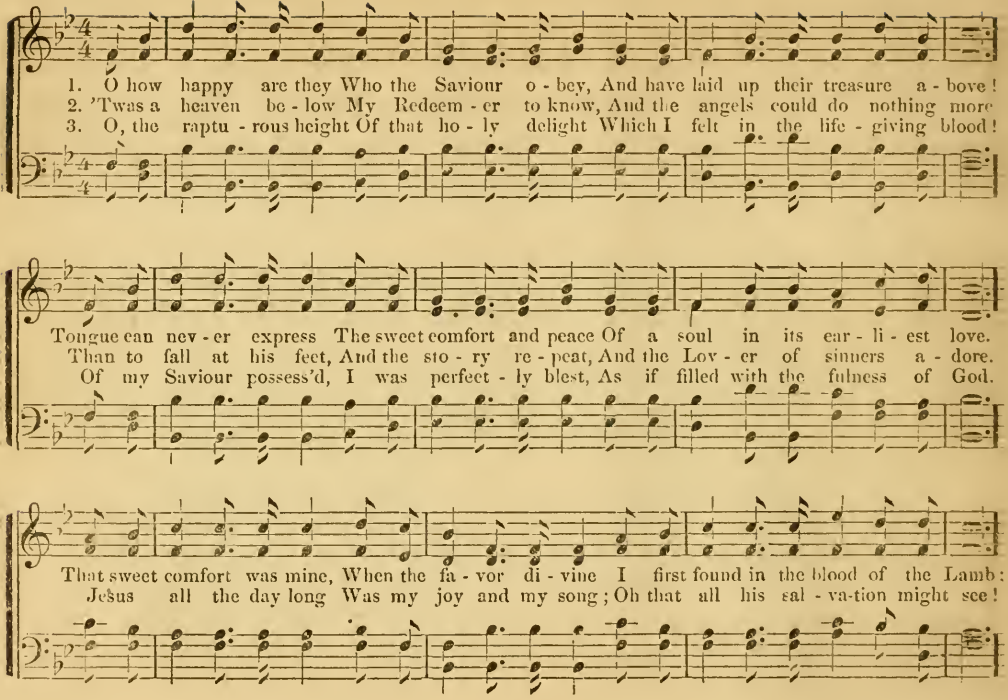


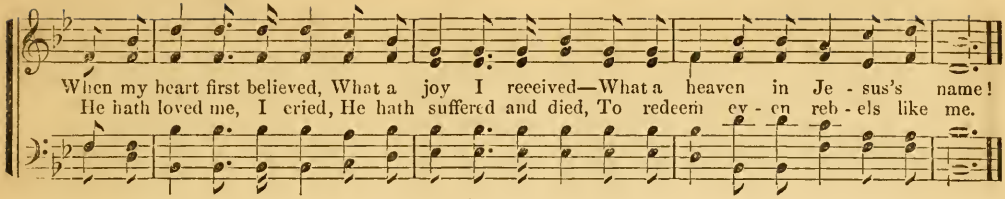
2 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

Children praise him.

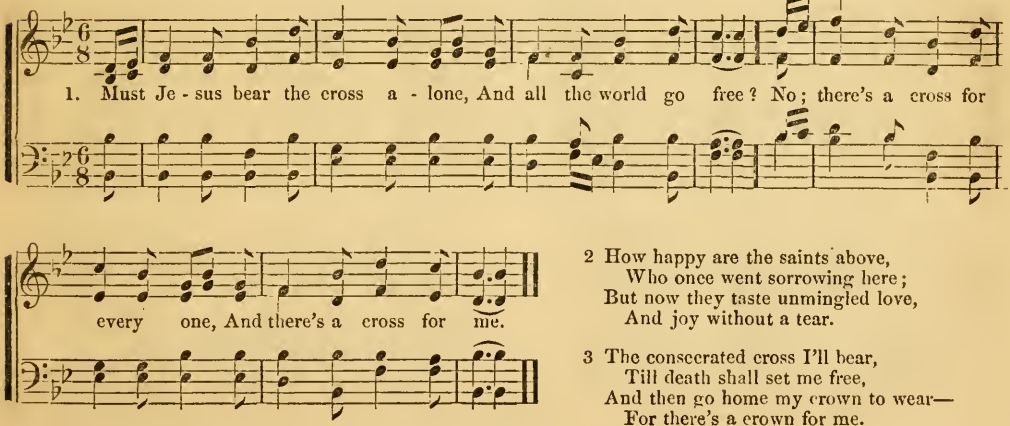
1 Here we throng to praise the Saviour,
Cheerfully our voices raise;
He who suffer'd to redeem us,
Says he will accept our praise.
Hinder not the young from coming,
For of such, the Saviour said,
Is composed my heavenly kingdom—
'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.

2 Let us love him and adore him,
In our days of feeble youth;
May we ever walk before him
In the glorious paths of truth.
Let us never grieve the Saviour,
Who has died our souls to win;
Let us ever seek his favor,
Shunning all the paths of sin.


1. O how happy are they Who the Saviour o - bey, And have laid up their treasure a - bove!
2. 'Twas a heaven be - low My Redeem - er to know, And the angels could do nothing more
3. O, the raptu - rous height Of that ho - ly delight Which I felt in the life - giving blood!
Tongue can nev - er express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Lov - er of sinners a - dore.
Of my Saviour possess'd, I was perfect - ly blest, As if filled with the fulness of God.
That sweet comfort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I first found in the blood of the Lamb:
Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song; Oh that all his sal - va-tion might see!



CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

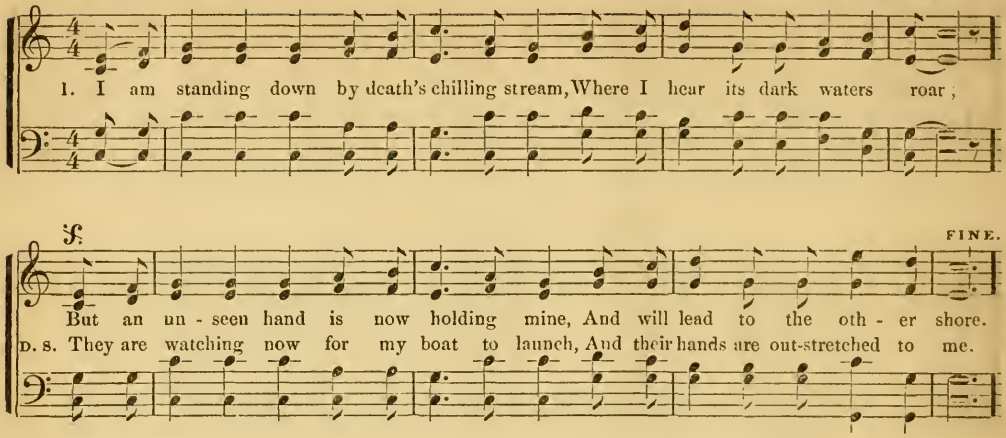


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.

DOWN BY THE RIVER. P. M.

Words by MABELLE. From the "NEW MELODEON."

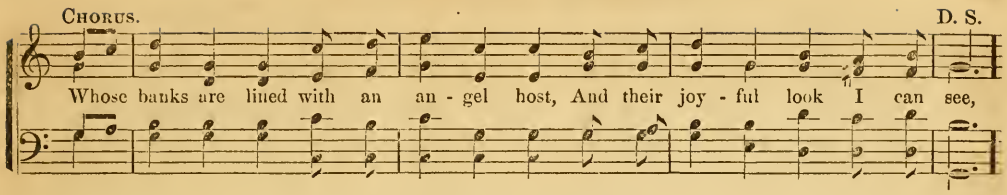


2 They have come so near that I hear them sing,
And they bid me be brave and strong,
Tho' the water's cold, and the way seems dark,
Yet the struggle will not be long.

3 I can hear them sing, and they know I come
With no fear of the cold dark wave;
And my faith is strong that I yet shall *shout*,
For where is thy sting, O grave?

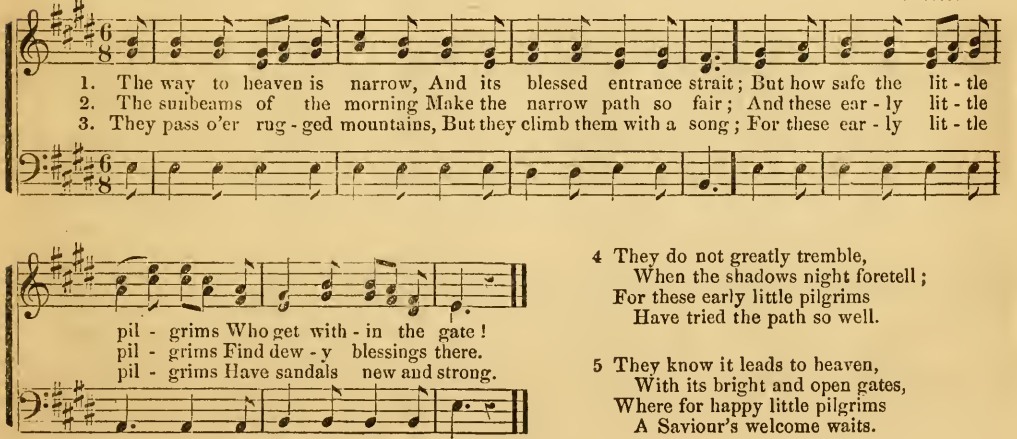
4 Full many times I have watched with pain,
As the loved of my heart went away;
But I know they're safe in our Father's home,
And are waiting for me to-day.

5 I am coming, dear ones; my steps are slow,
For the cross is so heavy to bear;—
Though my wings are spread, yet I cannot fly,
Like the bird from the fowler's snare.



THE LITTLE PILGRIMS.

L. Mason.



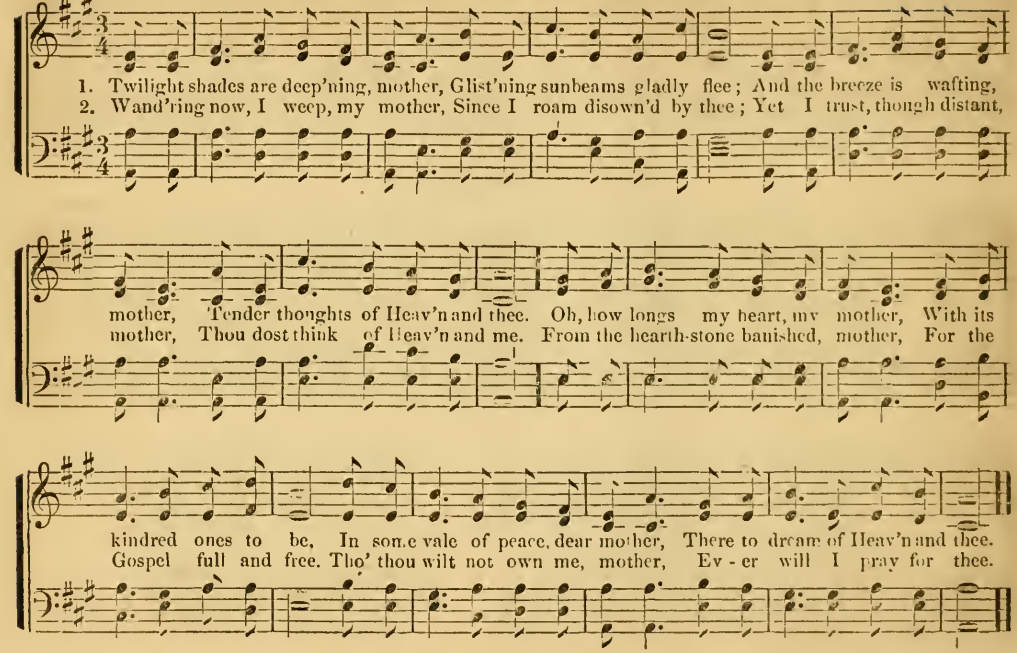
4 They do not greatly tremble,
When the shadows night foretell;
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

5 They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

DISOWNED BY MY MOTHER.

" When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up "—Ps. xxvii. 10.

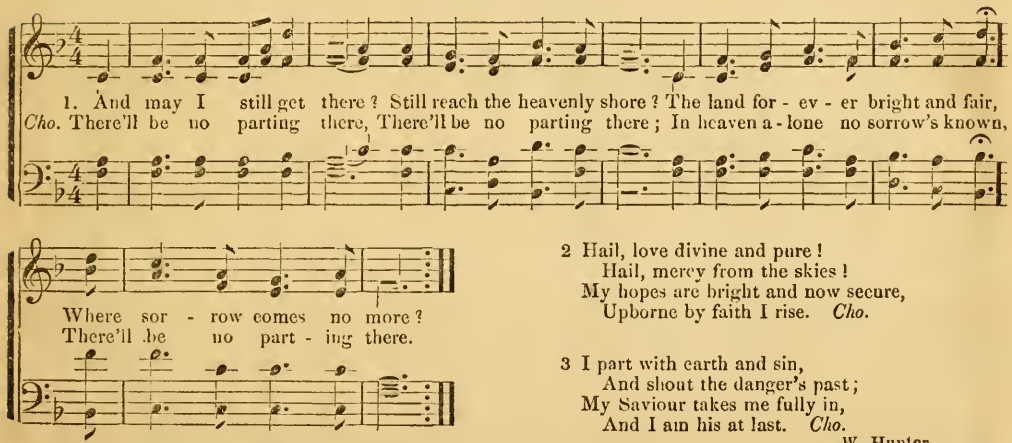
Words by ANTONIO ARRIGHI, who was disowned by his mother for embracing the Protestant faith.



3 Thou art growing old, my mother;
Let me take thee by the hand,
Lead thee to the blest land, mother,
Guide thee to its golden strand.
No more sorrow, then, dear mother,
Tears shall never dim thine eye;
Oh, I know thou'lt join me, mother,
When life's storms are all blown by.

4 This the thought that cheers me, mother,
When our life on earth is past,
We may meet the cherished, mother,
In the bright, sweet land of rest.
In this land of strangers, mother,
Far from Italy and thee,
Stronger grows my heart, dear mother,
While I bend to pray for thee.

NO PARTING THERE. S. M.



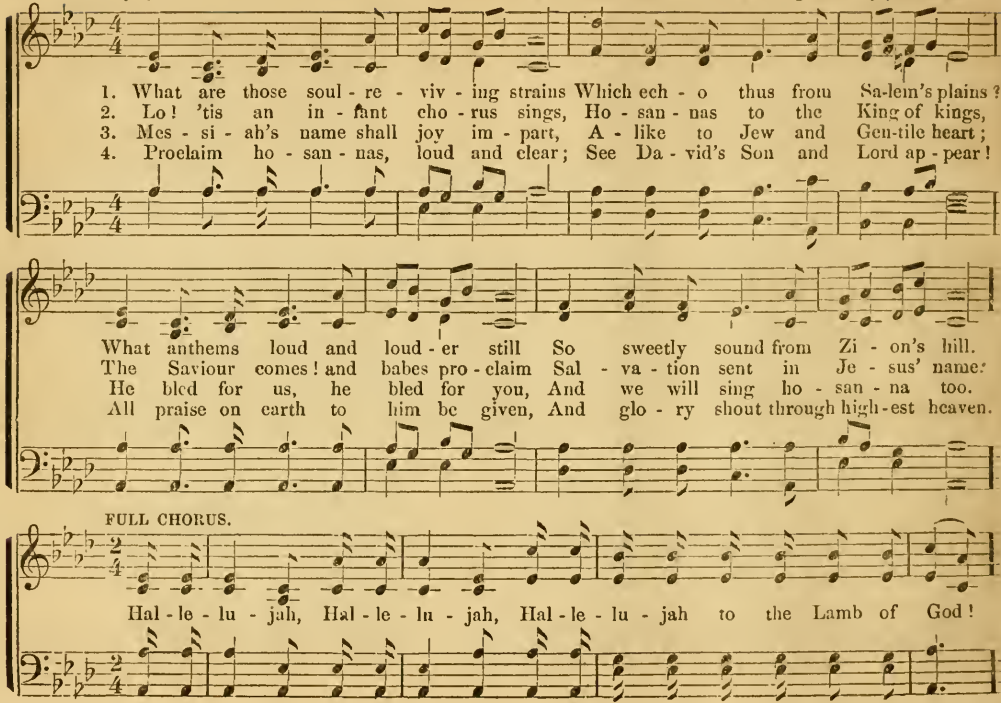
2 Hail, love divine and pure!
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright and now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise. *Cho.*

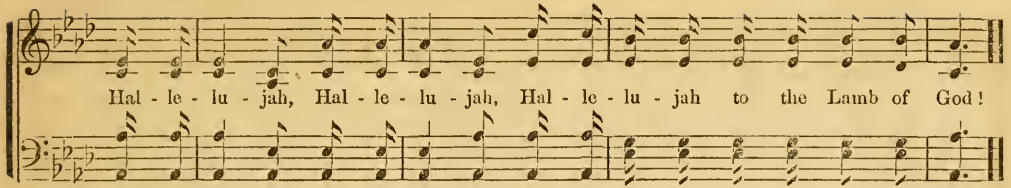
3 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am his at last. *Cho.*

W. Hunter.

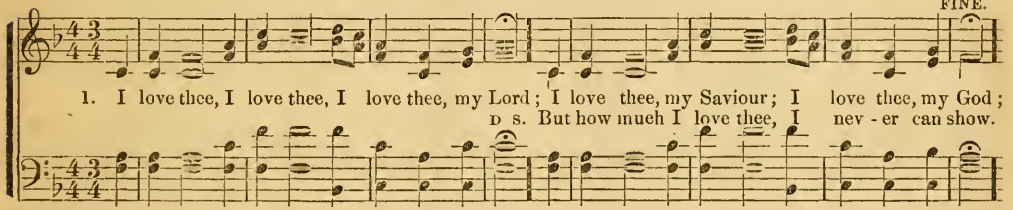
WHAT ARE THOSE SOUL-REVIVING STRAINS?

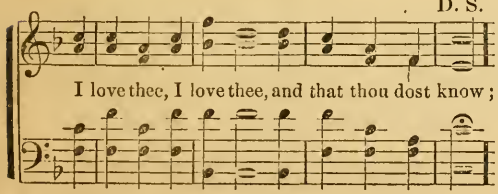
Very spirited. E. W. KELLOGG. From "Morning Star," by permission.





I LOVE THEE. P. M.

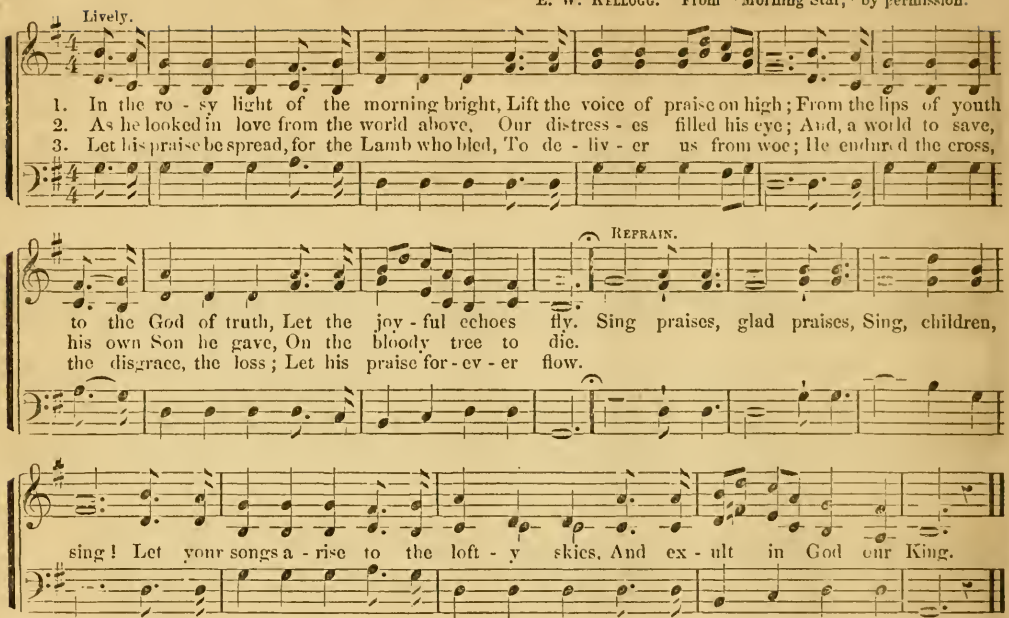




2 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous account!
My joys are immortal; I stand on the mount!
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be there,
With Jesus and angels, my kindred so dear.

3 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;
He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.

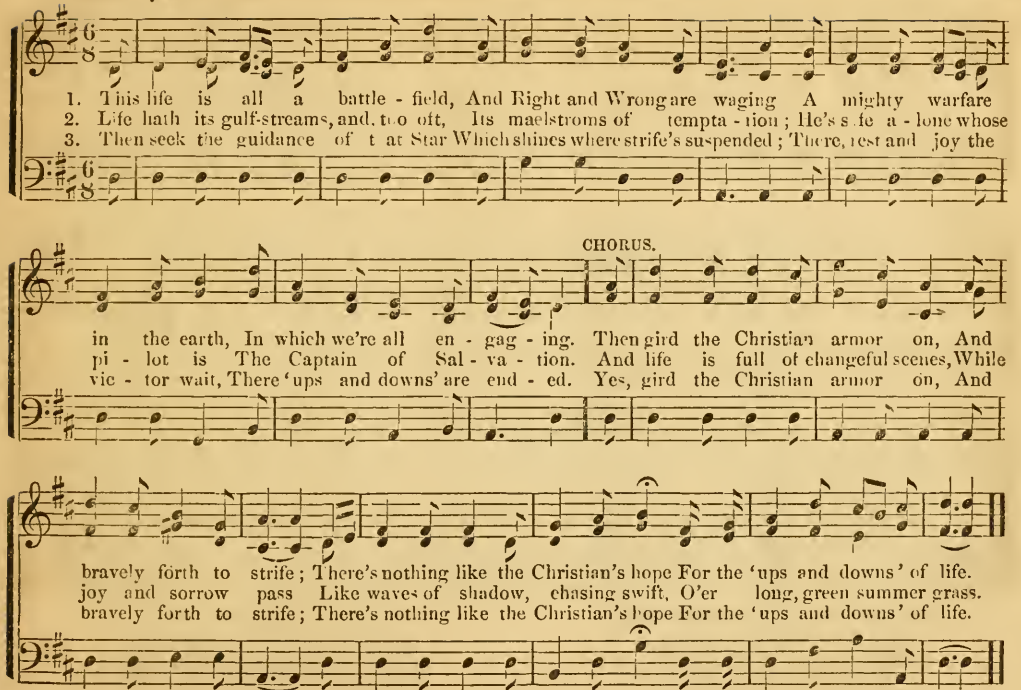
E. W. Kellogg. From "Morning Star," by permission.



4 Now exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill. Sing, &c.

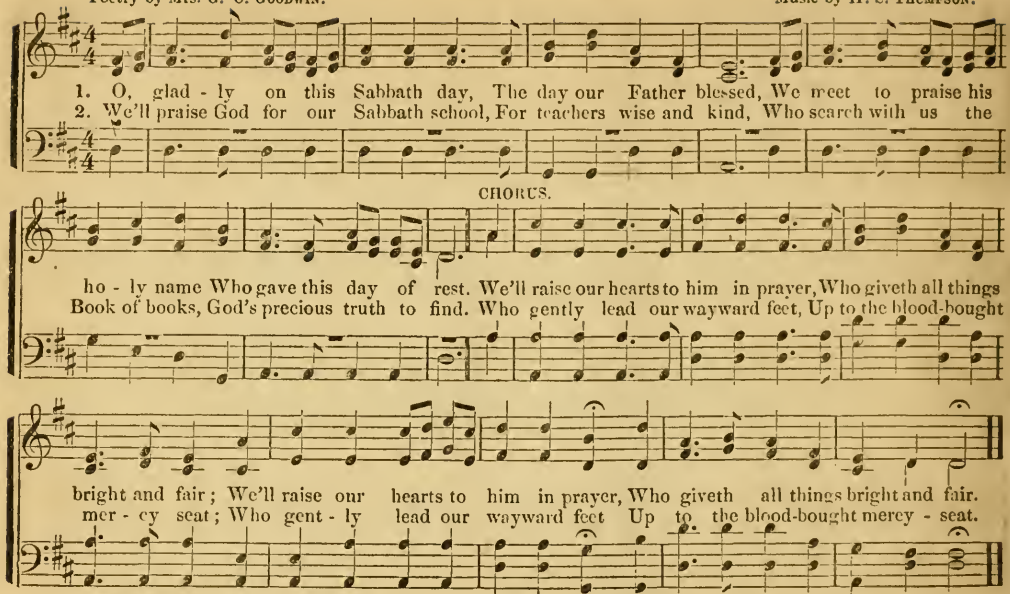
5 On the cross he hung for the old and young;
But he loves the children best;
To his arm we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest. Sing, &c.

Words by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.



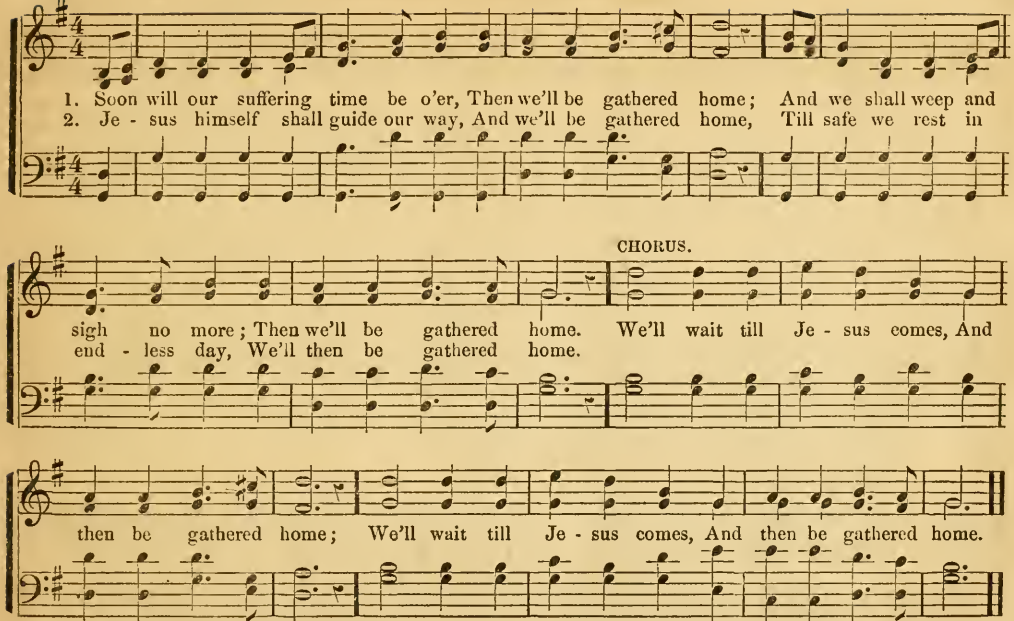
O, GLADLY ON THIS SABBATH DAY.

Poetry by Mrs. G. C. Goodwin. Music by H. S. Thompson.



3 We'll sing with happy hearts a song
Of praise, and joy, and love;
And angels will the strains prolong,
In the bright world above.
Let every voice help swell the lay,
And crown with joy our festal day.

4 How sweetly hallowed is this hour
To every contrite heart,
That loves our Christ, and seeks the grace
His spirit can impart.
Lord, keep these precious souls, we pray,
And guide them in the narrow way.

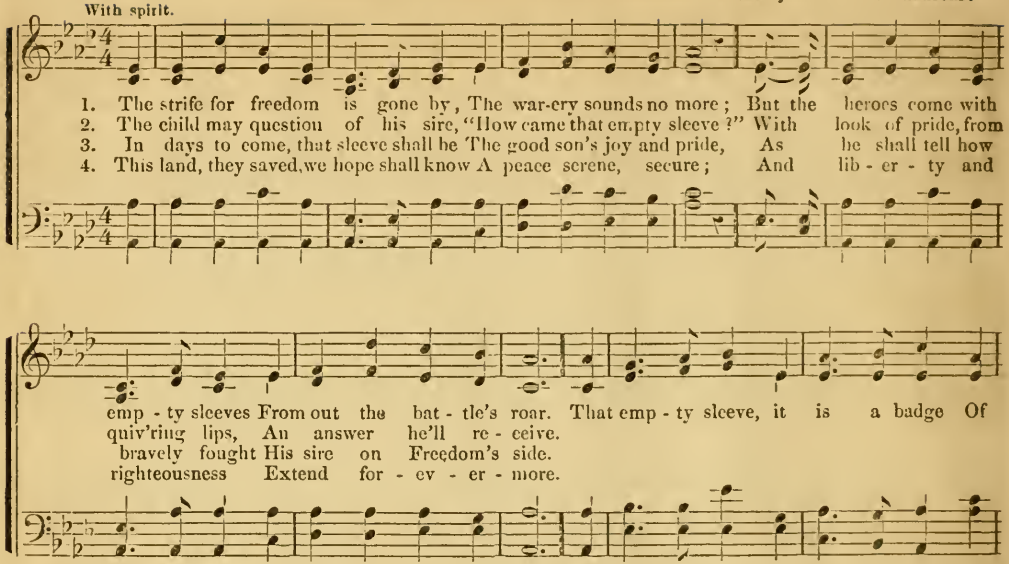


3 A few more rolling years at most,
And we'll be gathered home;—
He'll land us safe on Canaan's coast,
We'll then be gathered home.

4 From sleeping clay and beds of dust,
We'll all be gathered home;
Our Jesus will call home the just;
We'll then be gathered home.

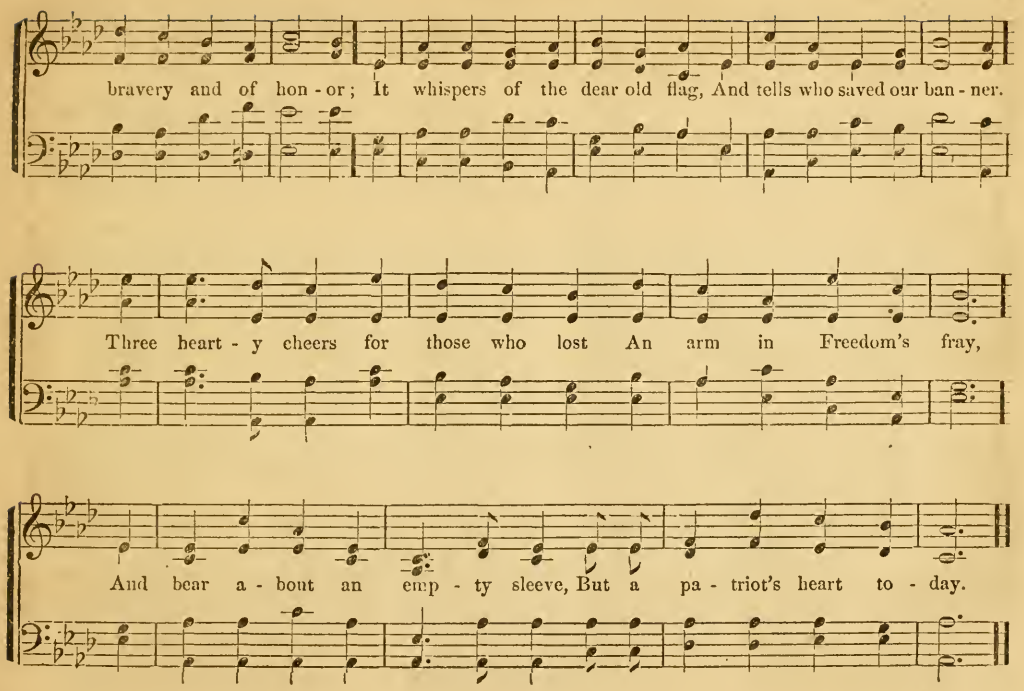
THE EMPTY SLEEVE.*

Words by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.

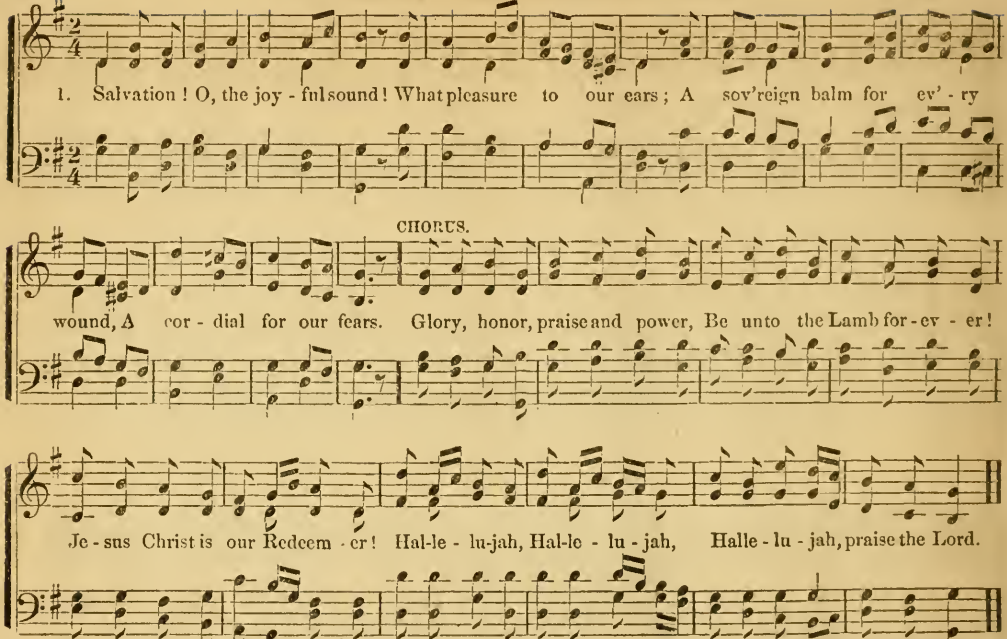


* Suggested by the beautiful steel engraving entitled, "The Empty Sleeve," just issued by J. C. Buttre, of New York, and B. B. Russell & Co., of Boston. The picture represents a returned soldier, his right arm gone. He takes his little boy upon his knee; the little fellow, with natural curiosity and childish inquiry, takes the "empty sleeve," and looks wonderingly for the lost arm.

The music is arranged with piano accompaniment, and published by O. Ditson & Co., 277 Washington St., Boston.


bravery and of hon - or; It whispers of the dear old flag, And tells who saved our ban - ner.
Three heart - y cheers for those who lost An arm in Freedom's fray,
And bear a - bout an emp - ty sleeve, But a pa - triot's heart to - day.

SALVATION! O THOU BLEEDING LAMB.

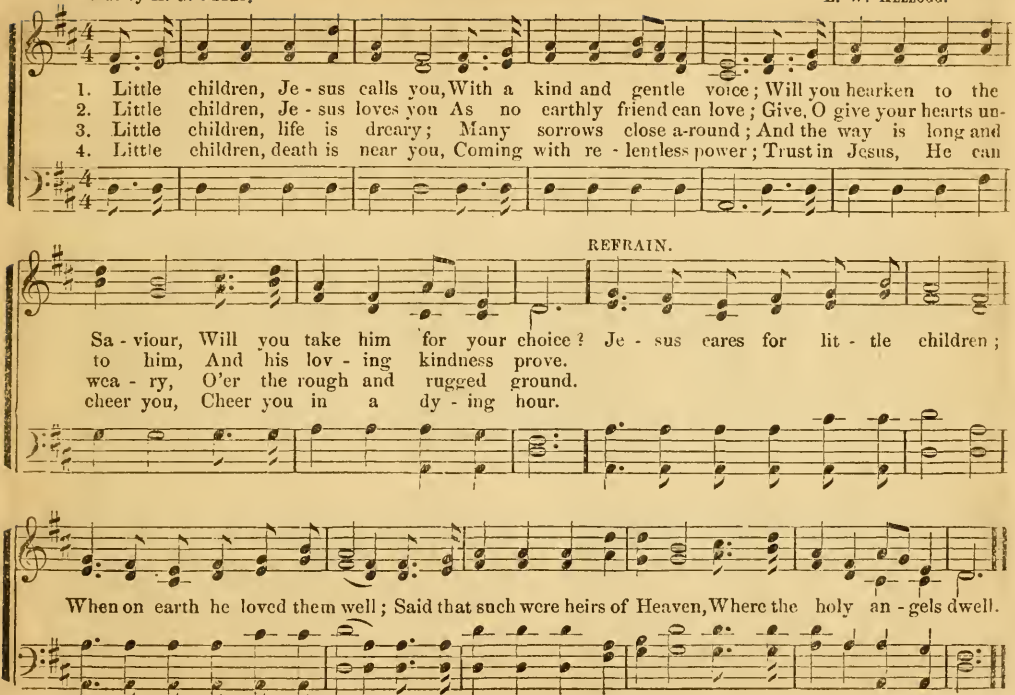


2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

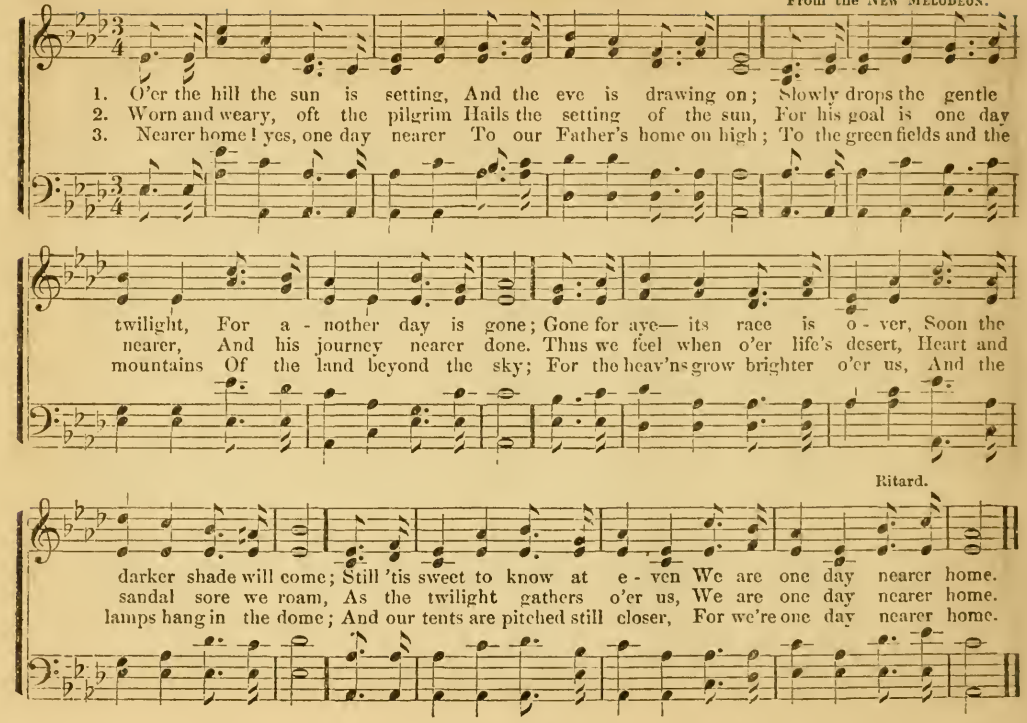
3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around.
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

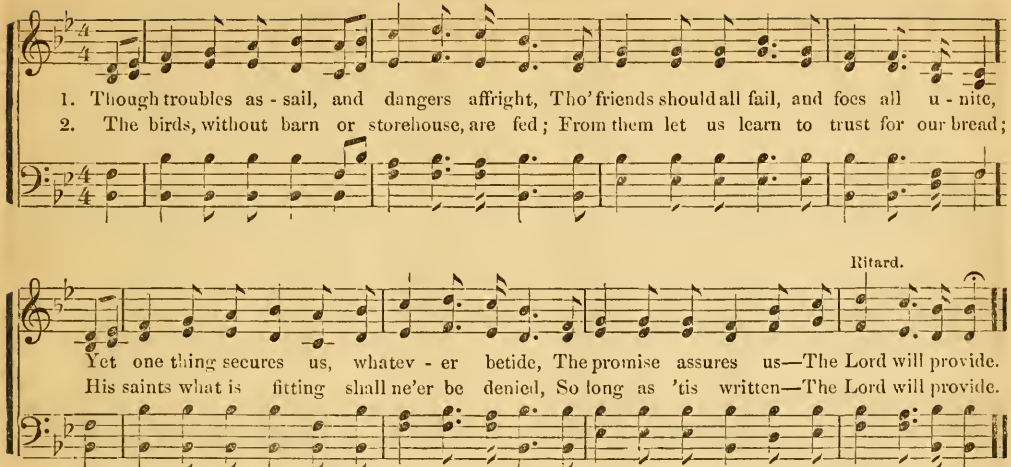
4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Words by H. G. Abbey. E. W. Kellogg.



From the NEW MELODEON.





3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried,)
The heart-cheering promise—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions—The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus's Name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power—The Lord will provide.

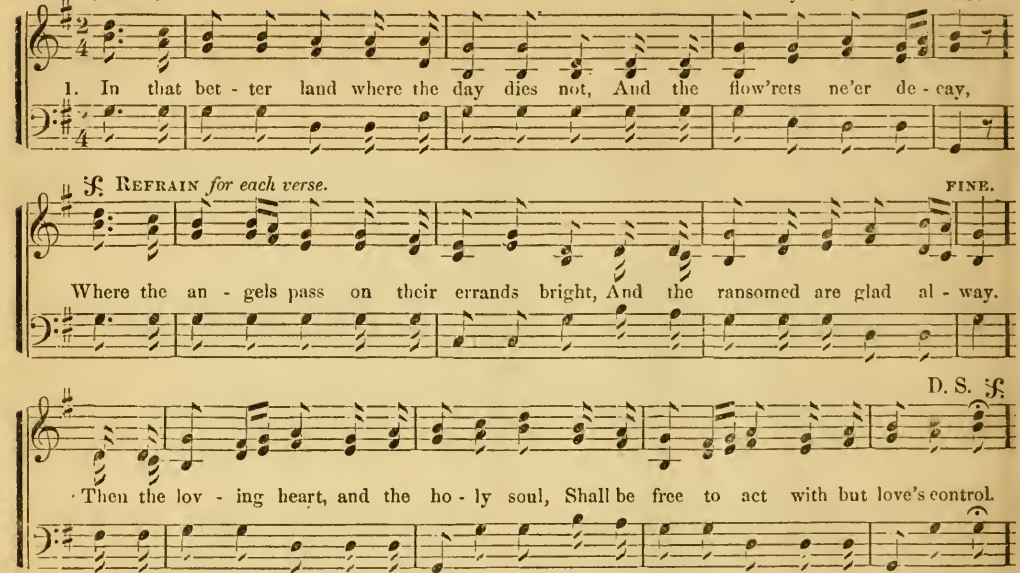
6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—The Lord will provide.

Newton.

THAT BETTER LAND.

Moderato.

Words by Mrs. J. H. Hanaford.



2 Oh, the bonds of earth shall be sundered there,
And the soul shall freedom know,
And the music-tones of the heart sound forth
With no note of human woe;
There the poor of earth with the crown'd shall stand,
And no pride be known in that better land.

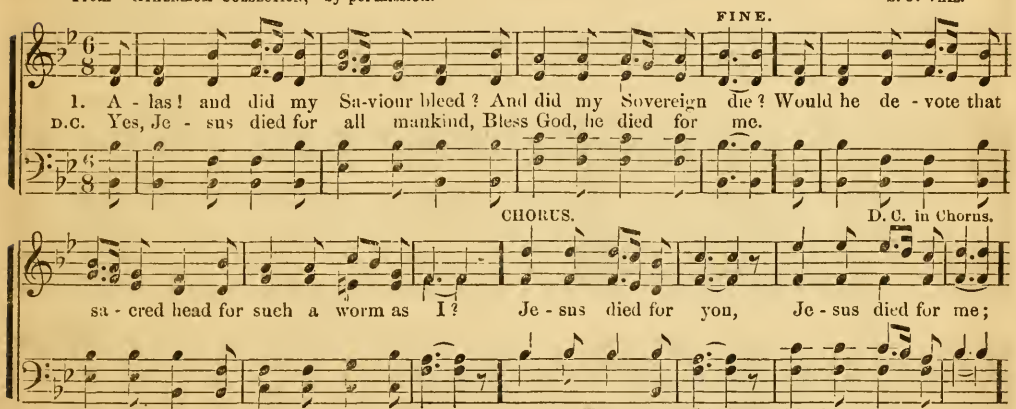
3 There the dwellers are free from the power of sin,
And no tempter's wiles destroy;
There the ransom'd dwell in that fold of love,
And rejoice in each other's joy;
And the Lamb of God leads his happy band
In the verdant fields of that better land.

4 Oh, my heart throbs now with exultant thrill,
As I muse on those joys in store
For the soul that trusts in a Saviour's love,
And will seek to sin no more;
And, by faith, I'll clasp my Father's hand,
To be led by him toward that better land.

5 He may lead me down through the vales of grief,
Or along joy's mountain side,
Yet I'll sing His praise, and I'll do His will,
And I'll trust in the Crucified,
Till He bids me free from all sin to stand
On the joyful heights of that better land.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED. C. M.

From "ATHENÆUM COLLECTION," by permission. S. J. VAIL.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

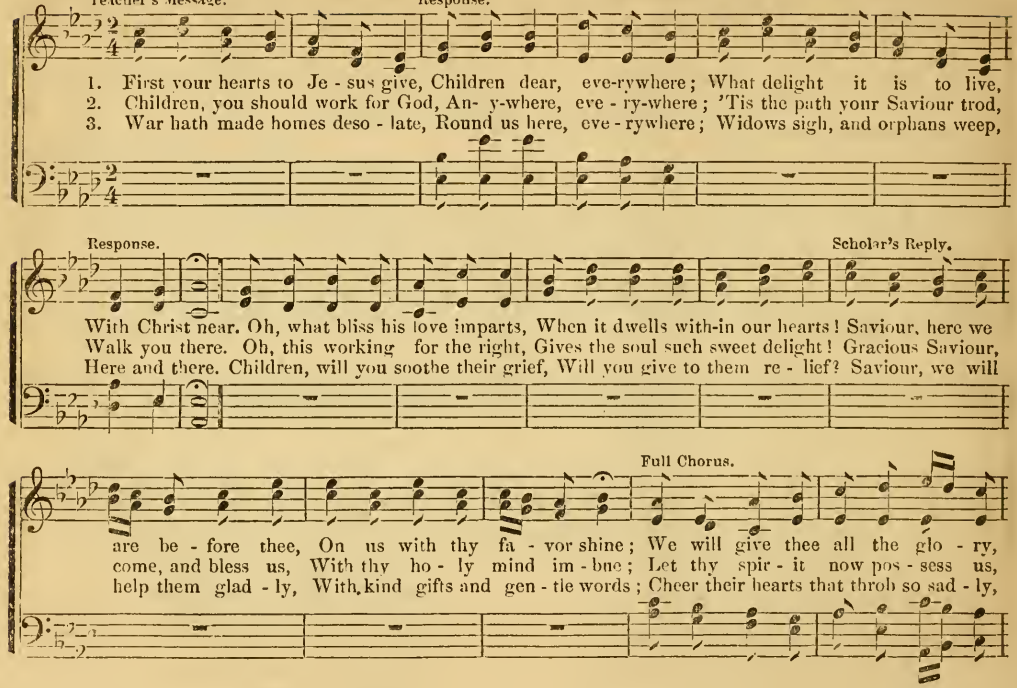
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

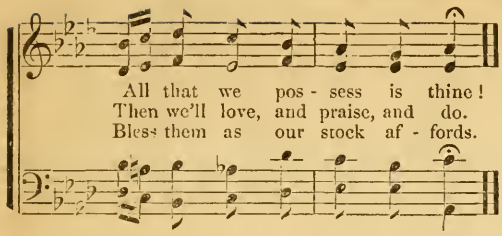
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do,

GIVE ALL TO JESUS.

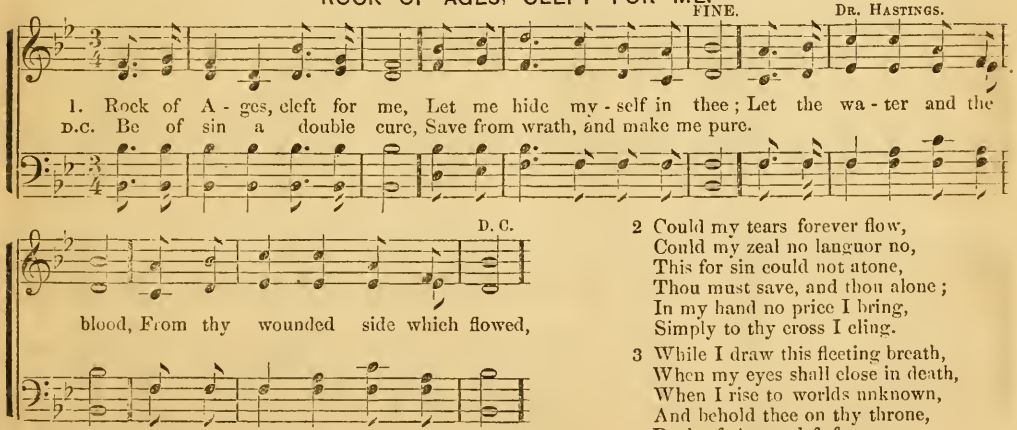
Words by Rev. John G. Chafee. Music by Philip Phillips. From "Musical Leaves," by permission.





4 There are many heathen, too,
Far beyond the rolling deep;
Dark, 'neath skies of purest blue,
Now they weep.
Darkness fills their souls with gloom,
Darkness like the very tomb.
We will send the Gospel to them,
Give our money with our prayers;
With glad hearts and hands we'll show them,
That our blessings may be theirs.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

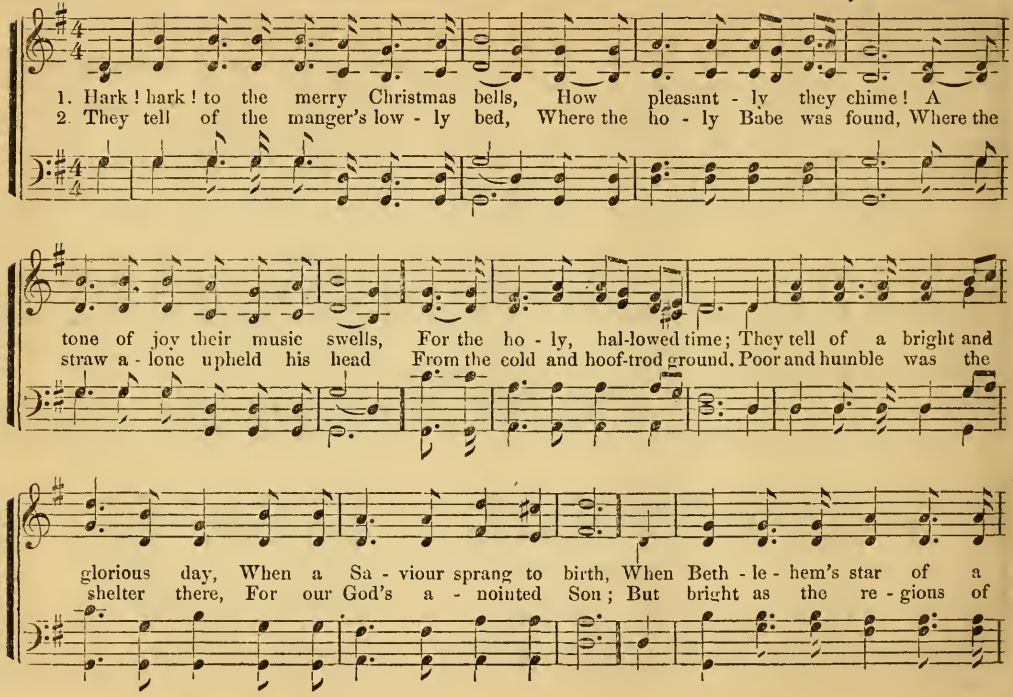


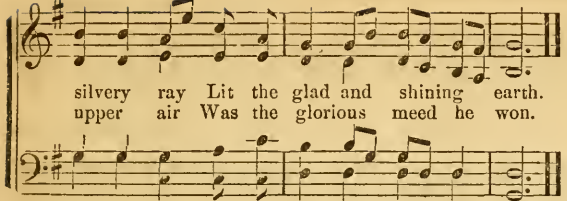
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor no,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HARK! TO THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

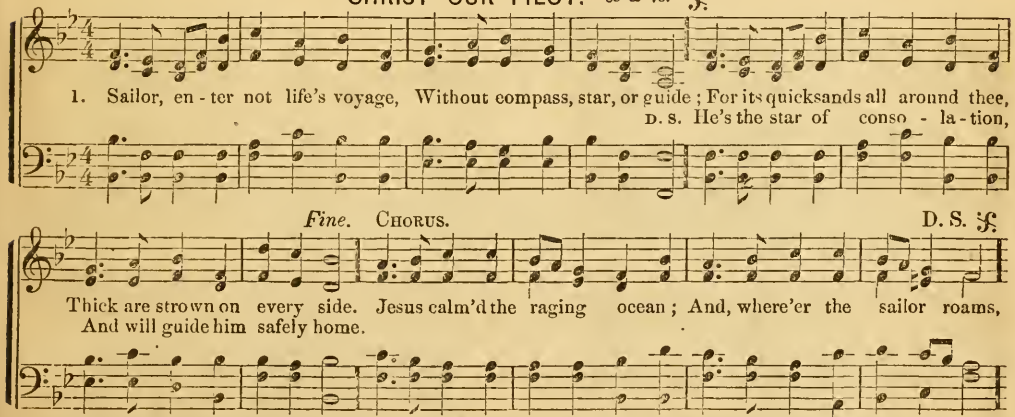
Music by L. P. Lincoln.





3 Descending to give a world of gloom
A radiance forever bright,
Then sank to the dark and shrouding tomb,
That all might live in light.
Then let every young and grateful voice,
In this Sabbath school arise;
And let every heart in his praise rejoice,
Till it reaches the vaulted skies.

CHRIST OUR PILOT. 8s & 7s.

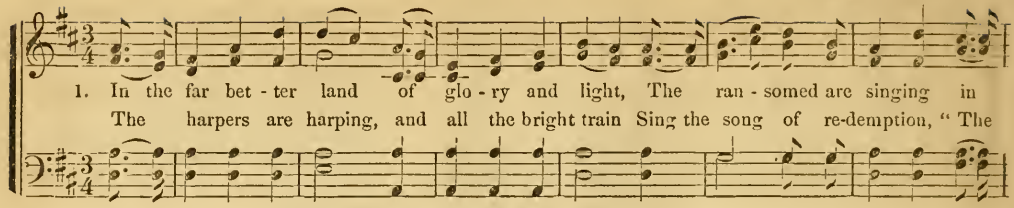


2 Smooth, serenely flow its waters,
But the sunken rocks are near;
Many a gallant bark hath foundered;
How wilt thou the danger clear?

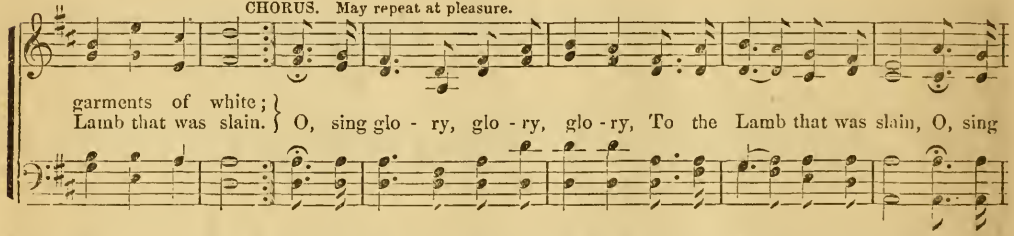
3 See its circling eddies darken,
Wave on wave of passion rise;
Earth hath here no hand to guide thee;
Seek thy Pilot from the skies.

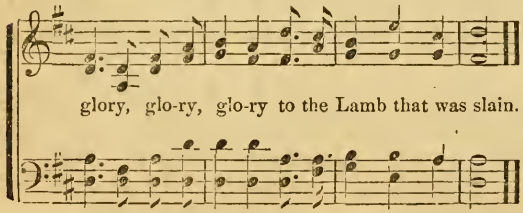
4 He shall guide thee o'er the billow,
Thro' each changing wave of strife,
Till thy bark is safely anchored
On the "crystal sea of life."

E. W. KELLOGG.



CHORUS. May repeat at pleasure.



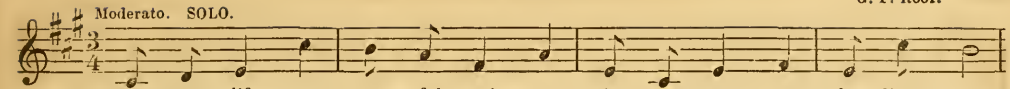


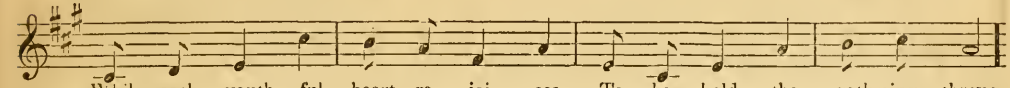
2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise,
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days;
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of " Glory eternal to him that was slain." CHORUS.

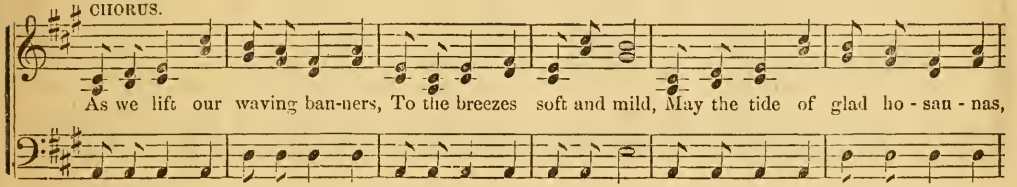
3 Dear Saviour, may we with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint;
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will gain,
With the song of redemption, "The Lamb that was slain. CHO.

4 Now teachers, and children, and friends all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of redemption, " The Lamb that was slain." CHO.

G. F. Root.





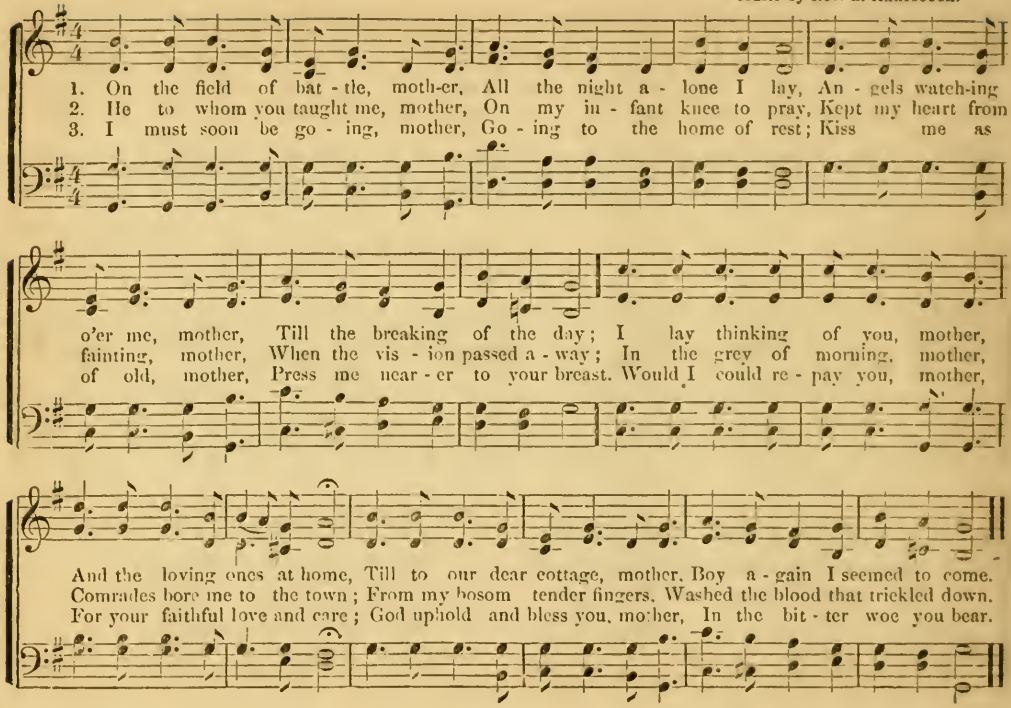


3 Teachers kind, whose care unceasing,
All must honor and approve,
Thanks for labor still unceasing,
Heaven reward your works of love.

4 Thanks to God for every blessing
Which his bounteous hand bestows;
All on earth that's worth possessing
From that hand incessant flows.

DYING SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

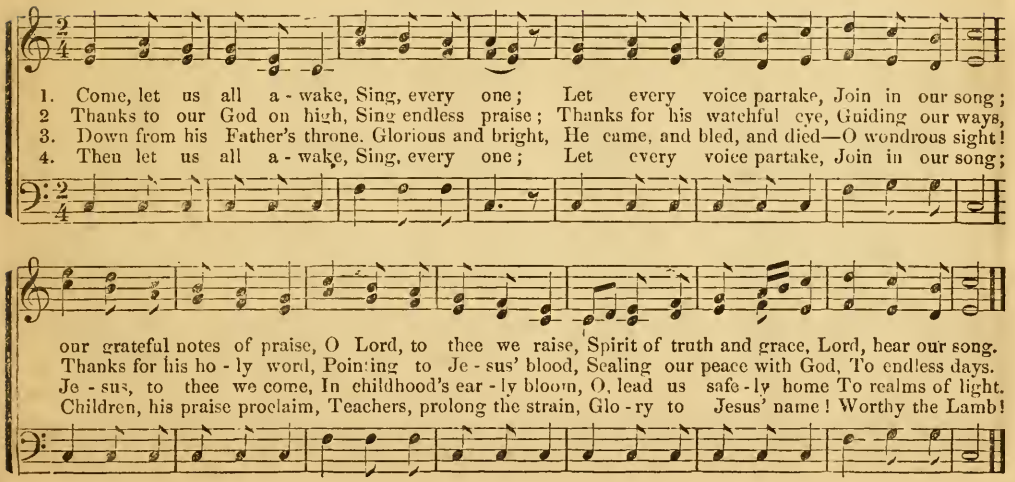
Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.



4 Kiss me for my little brother,
Kiss my sister, loved so well;
When you sit together, mother,
Tell them how their brother fell;
Tell to them the story, mother,
When I sleep beneath the sod,
That I died to save my country,
All from love to her and God.

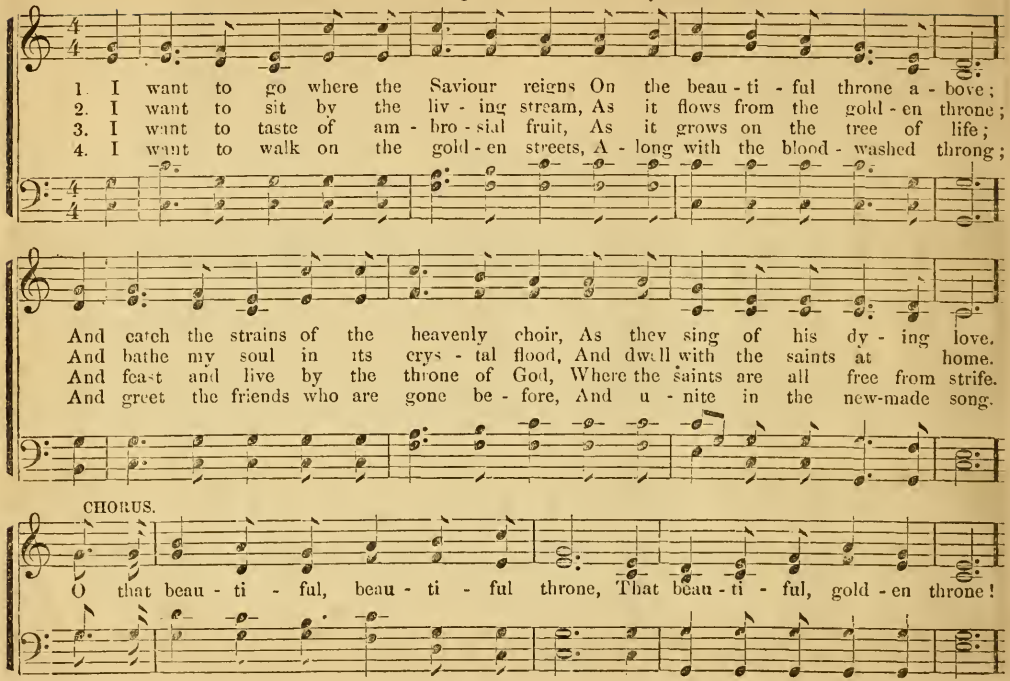
5 Leaning on the merits, mother,
Of the One who died for all,
Peace is in my bosom, mother—
Hark, I hear the angels call.
Don't you hear them singing, mother?
Listen to the music swell.
Now I leave you, loving mother;
God be with you, fare you well.

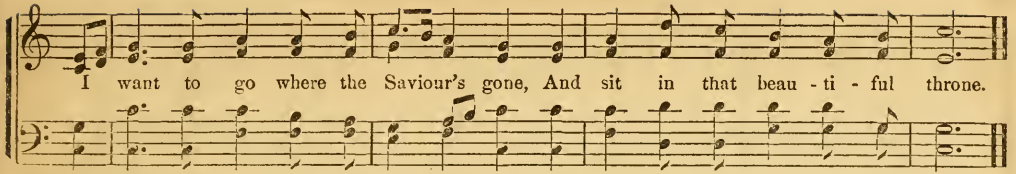
CHORAL SONG. P. M.



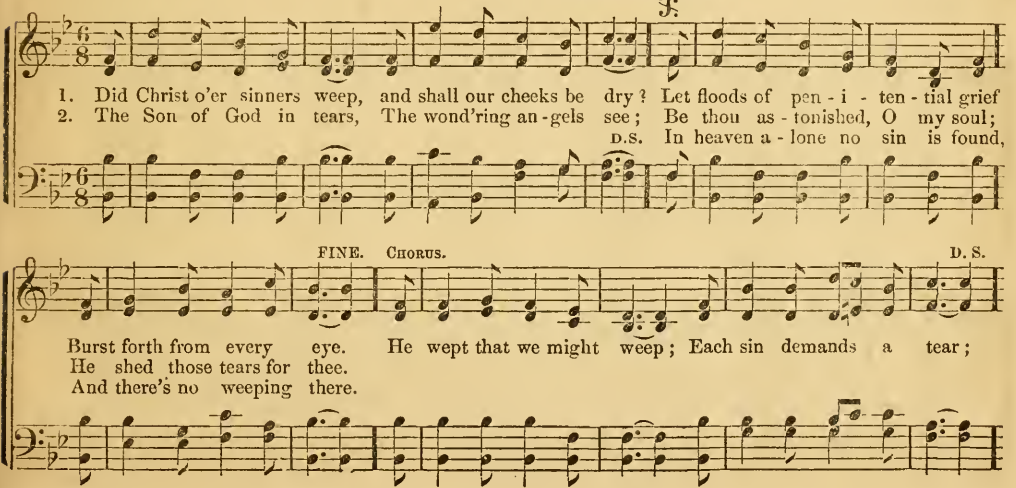
SITTING IN THE THRONE.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.—Rev. 3: 21.



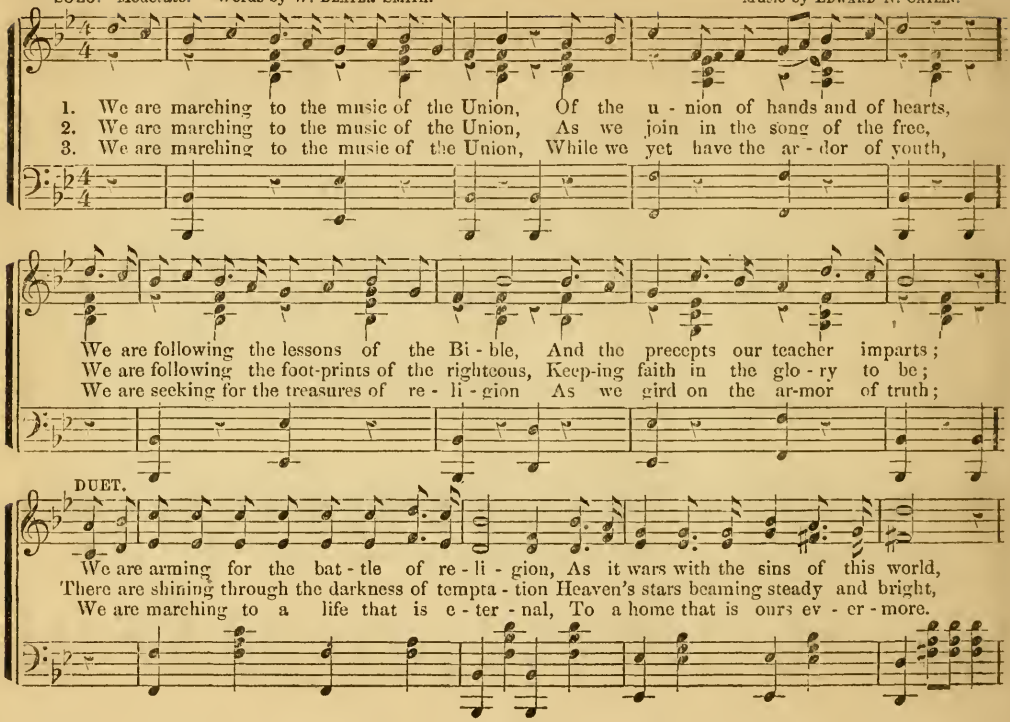


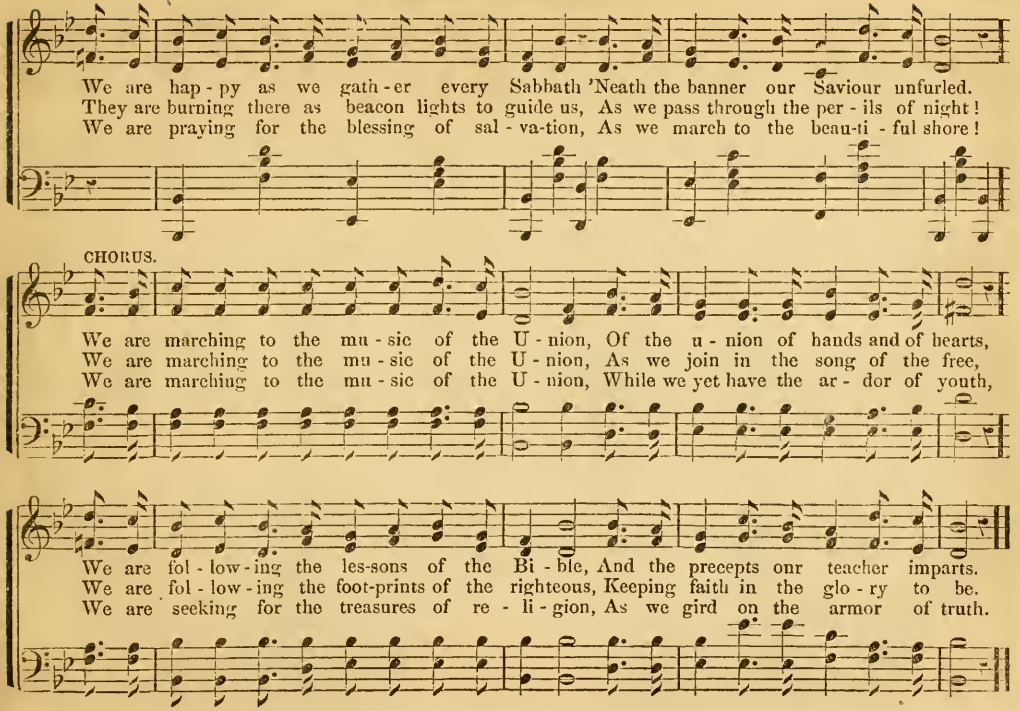
DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?



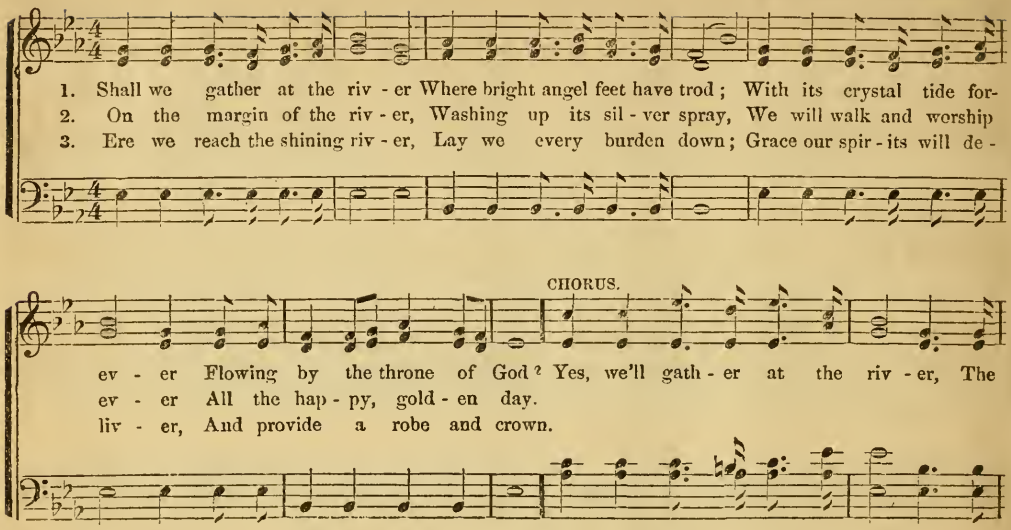
THE UNION OF HANDS AND OF HEARTS.

SOLO. Moderato. Words by W. DEXTER SMITH. Music by EDWARD N. CATLIN.



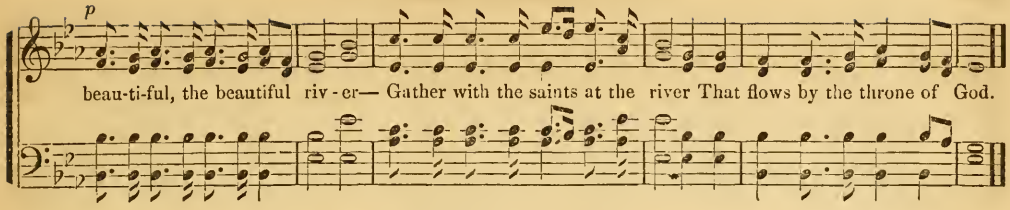

We are hap - py as we gath - er every Sabbath 'Neath the banner our Saviour unfurled.
They are burning there as beacon lights to guide us, As we pass through the per - ils of night!
We are praying for the blessing of sal - va-tion, As we march to the beau-ti - ful shore!
CHORUS.
We are marching to the mu - sic of the U - nion, Of the u - nion of hands and of hearts,
We are marching to the mu - sic of the U - nion, As we join in the song of the free,
We are marching to the mu - sic of the U - nion, While we yet have the ar - dor of youth,
We are fol - low - ing the les-sons of the Bi - ble, And the precepts our teacher imparts.
We are fol - low - ing the foot-prints of the righteous, Keeping faith in the glo - ry to be.
We are seeking for the treasures of re - li - gion, As we gird on the armor of truth.

Rev. R. Lowry. From "Happy Voices," by permission.



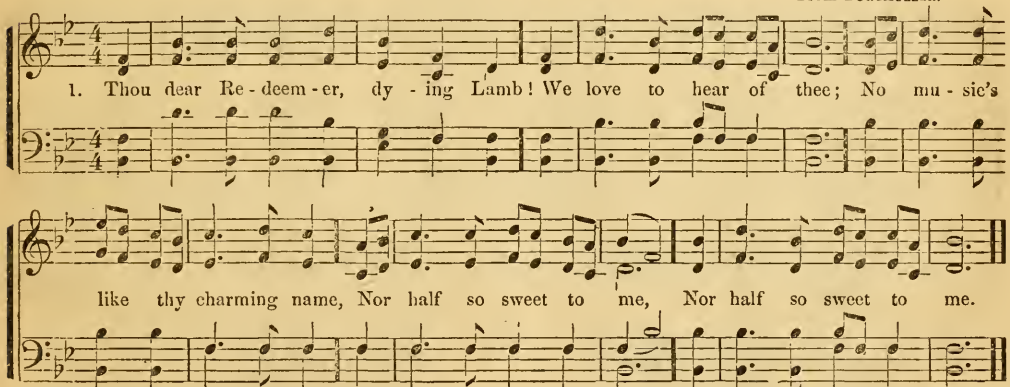
4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Cho.—Yes, we'll gather, &c.



EMMONS. C. M.

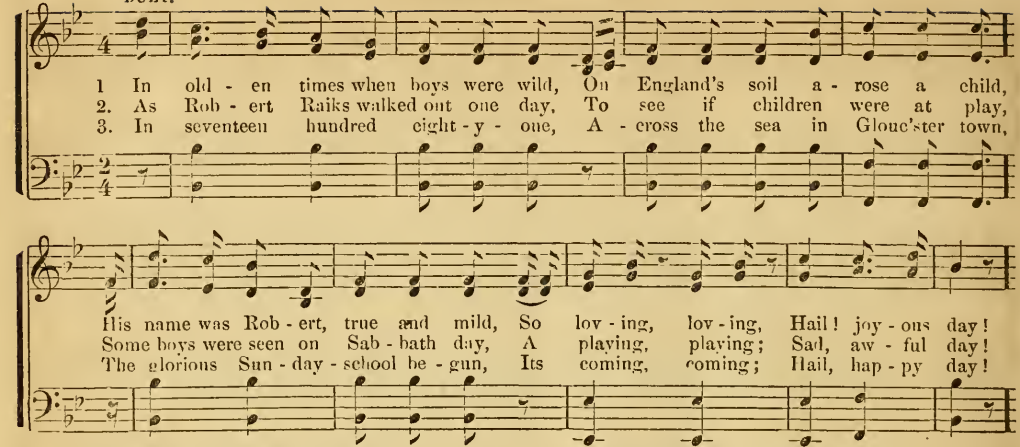
From BURGMULLER.



2 Our Jesus still shall be our theme,
While on this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name
When all things else decay.

3 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the favored throng,
Then will we sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

DUET.



4 O, how this little fire has spread,
And warmed to life the carnal dead,
And brought them to our living Head—
So loving, loving;
Hail, blessed day!

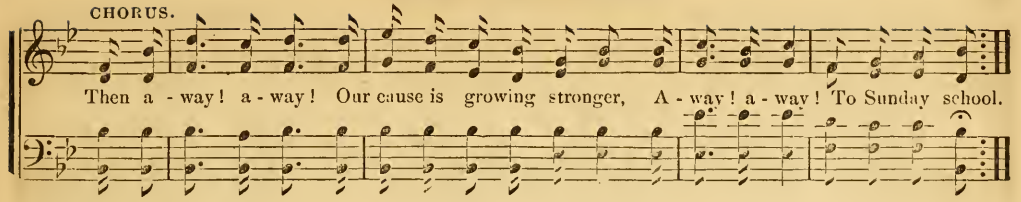
5 Come, parents, teachers, one and all;
And never think the work too small;
But listen to the heavenly call
For workers, workers;
Hail, welcome day!

6 When storms are past, and work is o'er,
And Sunday-schools shall be no more,
We'll gather on the golden shore,
Singing glory, glory;
O, happy day!

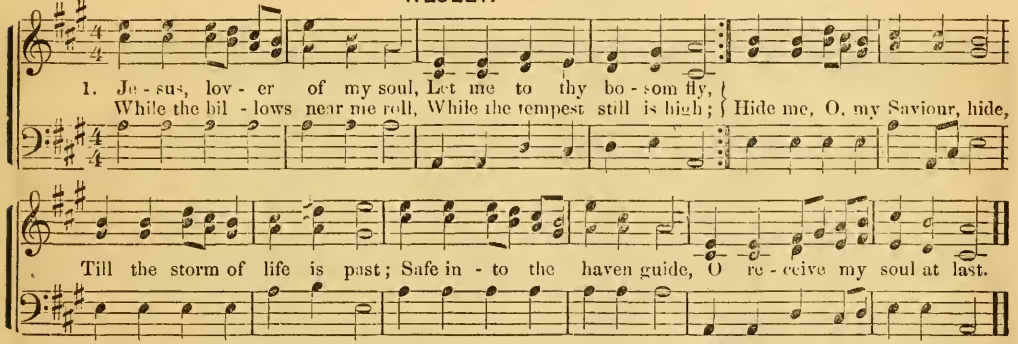
7 Then what a glorious sight 'twill be,
To see the millions of the free
All happy in eternity,—
So welcome, welcome!
Hail, glorious day!

CHORUS.—Then away! away!
We'll swell the chorus stronger;
Amen! amen! all welcome home.

CHORUS.



WESLEY. 7s. Double.



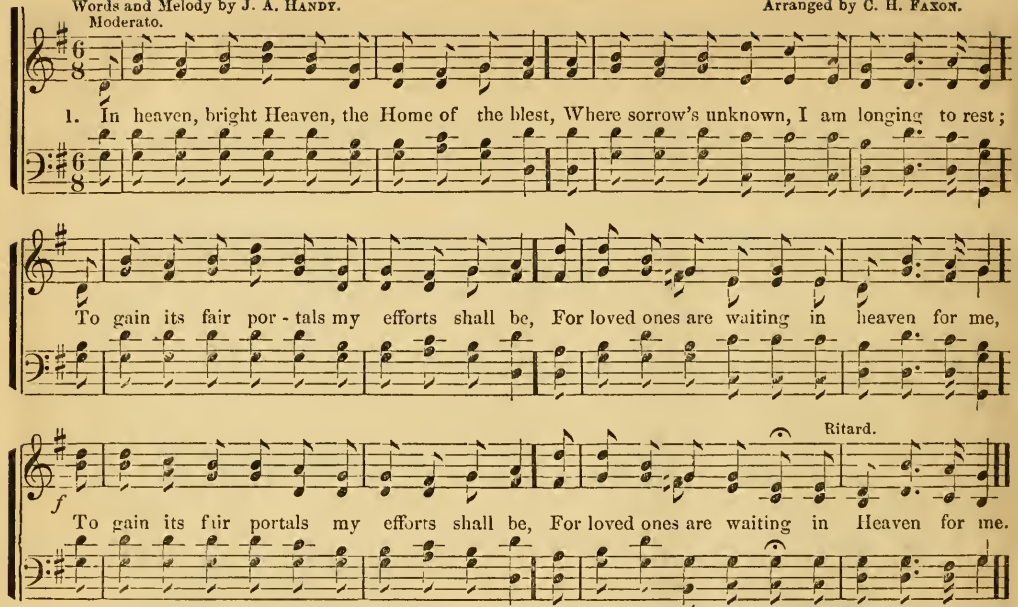
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

HOME OF THE BLEST.

Words and Melody by J. A. HANDY.

Arranged by C. H. FAXON.

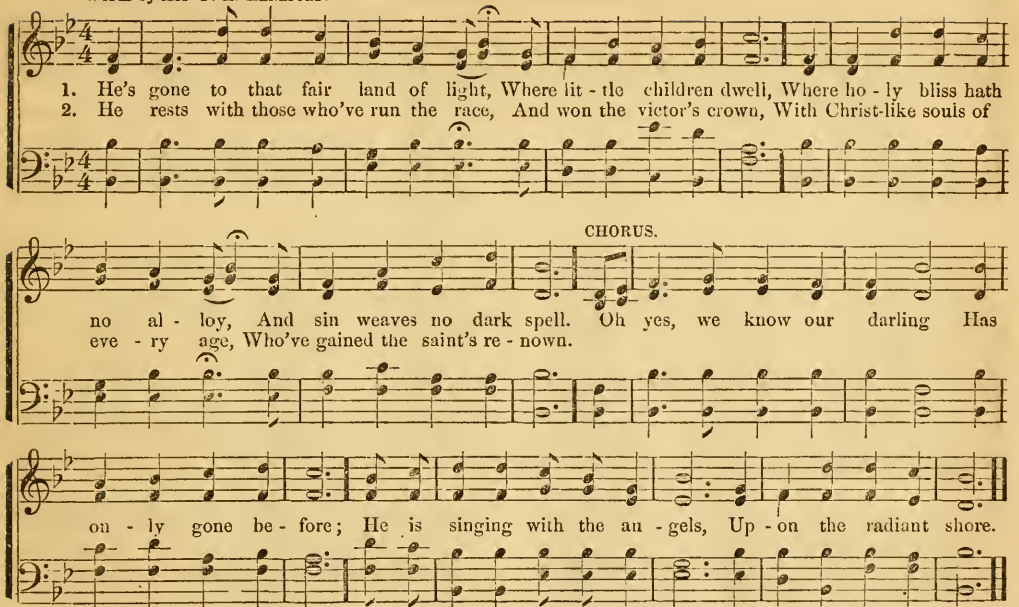


2 To Heaven, sweet Heaven, I'm hoping to go,
When I have accomplished my mission below;
The Bible forever my standard shall be,
For loved ones are waiting in Heaven for me.

3 For Heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er,
Till safely I stand on the glittering shore;
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea,
With loved ones now waiting in Heaven for me.

WILLIE'S GONE BEFORE.

Words by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford. *

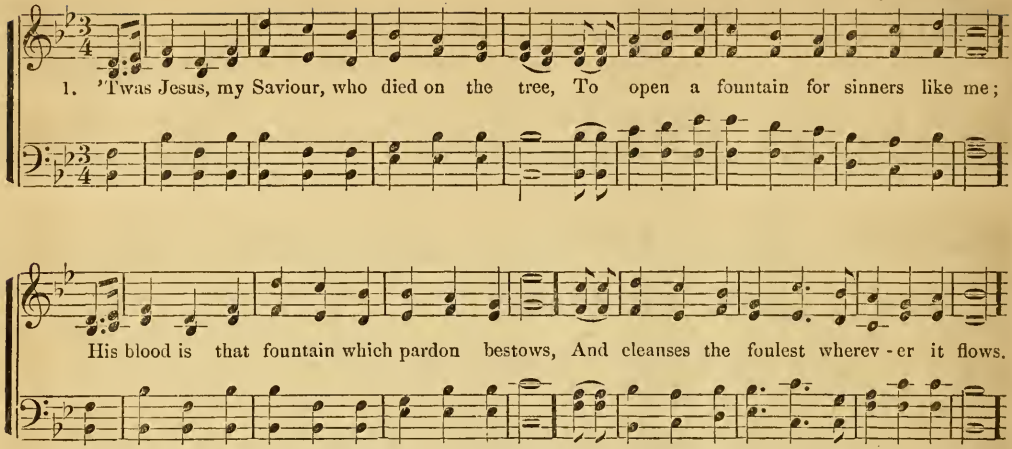


3 He'll be among the shining host,
To greet us when we land;
Where many long departed friends
Hath touched the glorious strand.

4 We'll clasp him to our breasts again;
Our precious, angel boy!
And bless the love that early took
Him to that world of joy.

* "Respectfully inscribed to Rev. Mr. & Mrs. Dadmun, on the departure of their little son, William Ellsworth."

Words by H. G. Wilson, from "Musical Leaves," by permission.

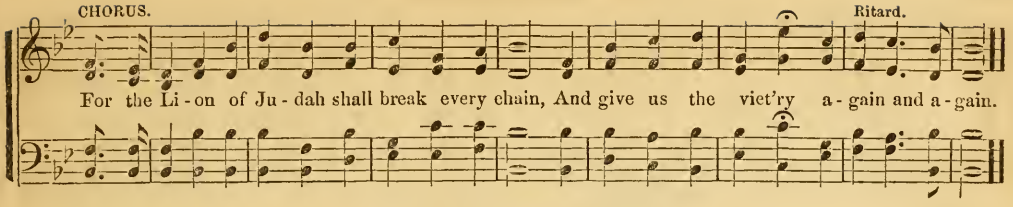


2 And when I was willing with all things to part,
He gave me my bounty, his love in my heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus' command.

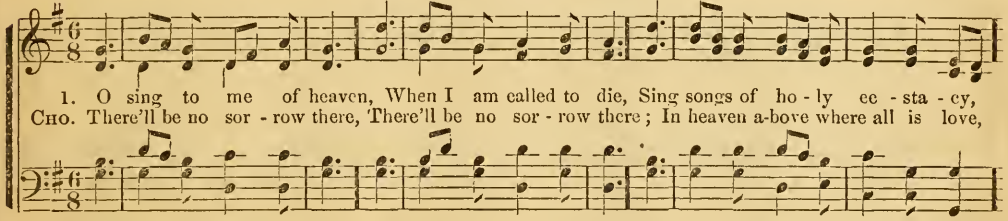
3 Though round me the storms of adversity roll,
And the waves of destruction encompass my soul,
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall toss,
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the cross.

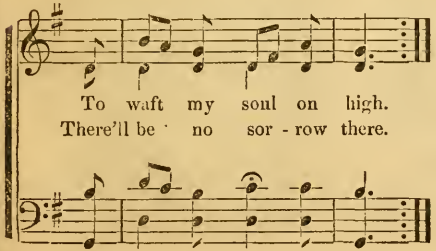
4 And when the last trumpet of judgment shall sound,
And wake all the nations that sleep in the ground,
Then, when heaven and earth shall be mel ing away,
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that day.

5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus, my head,
From fountain to fountain I then shall be led;
I'll fall at his feet, and his mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross evermore.



O SING TO ME OF HEAVEN.

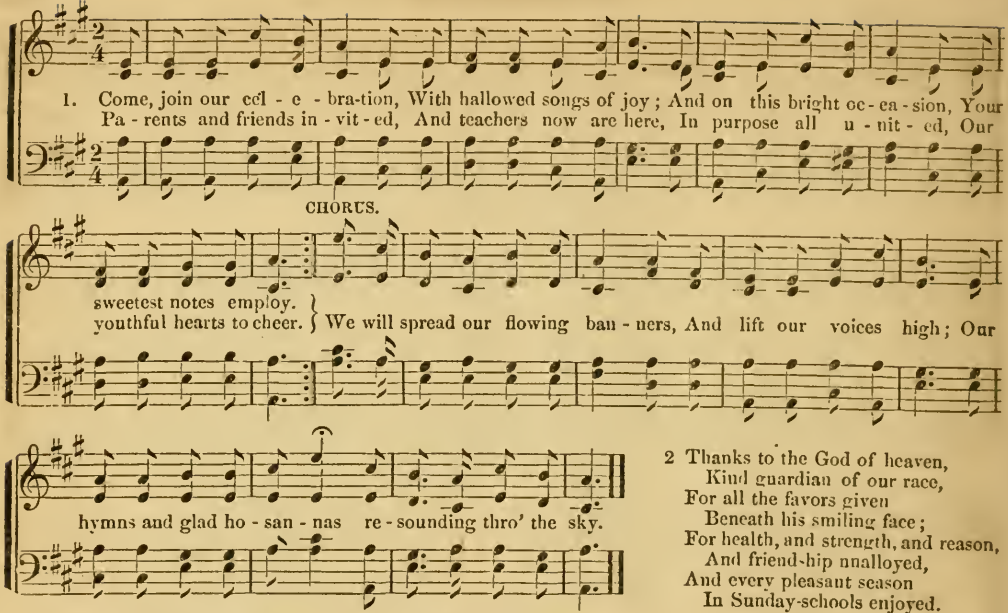




2 When the last moments come,
O, watch my dying face,
To catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er my features plays.

3 Then to my raptured ear,
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.

4 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above. Mrs. DANA.

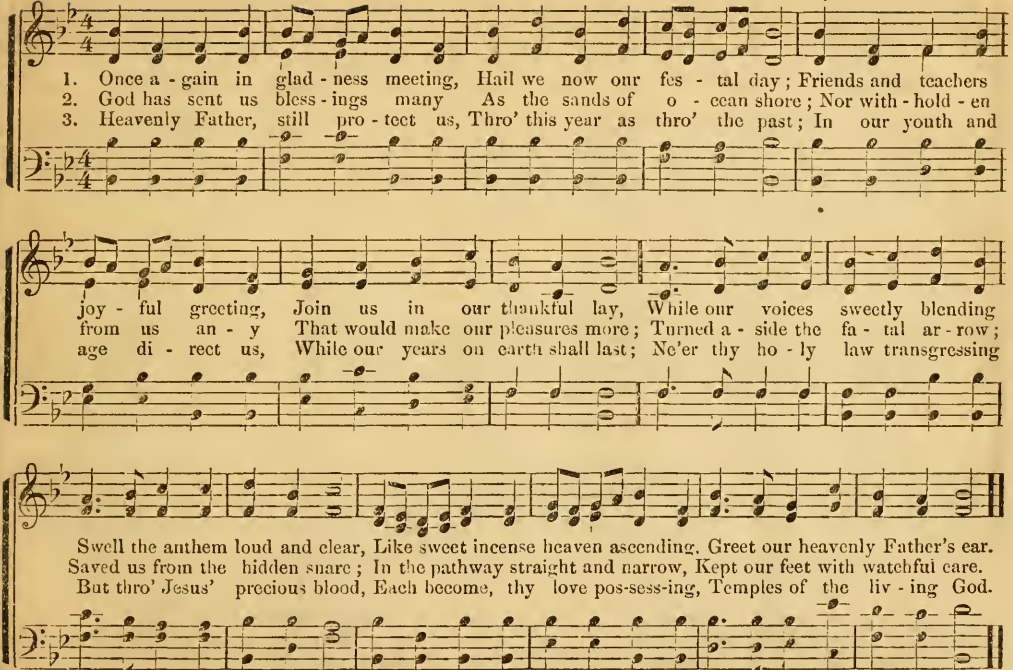


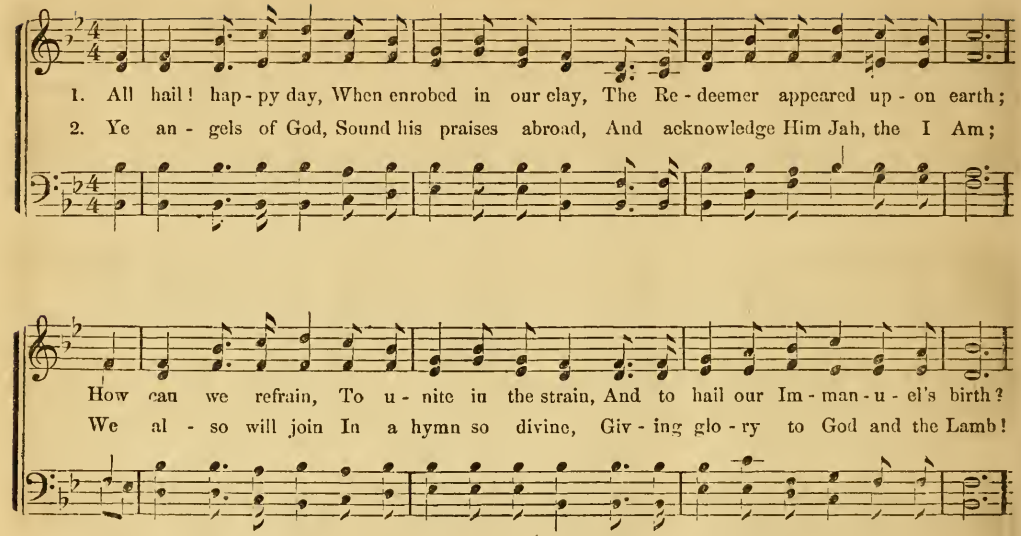
3 Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us,
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.

4 May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow;
And grace forever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.

2 Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favors given
Beneath his smiling face;
For health, and strength, and reason,
And friend-ship unalloyed,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.

Words and Music by W. R. Bowen.

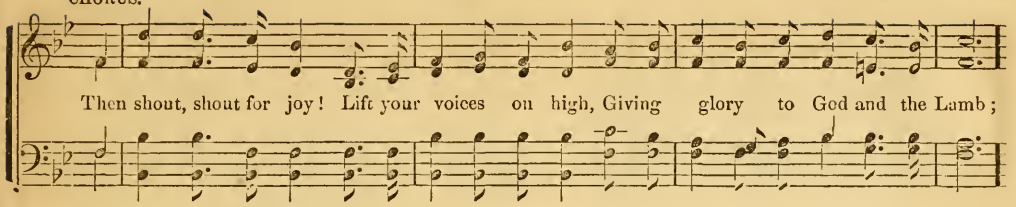




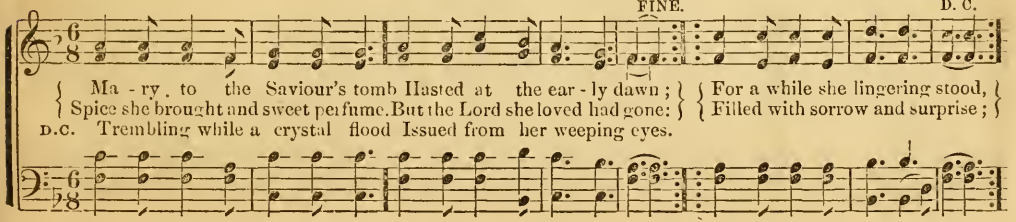
3 O may the return
Of this once blessed morn,
Be forever remembered with joy;
Sweet accents of praise,
All our voices shall raise;
Hallelujah shall be our employ!

4 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song—
Hallelujahs again, and again;
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

CHORUS.

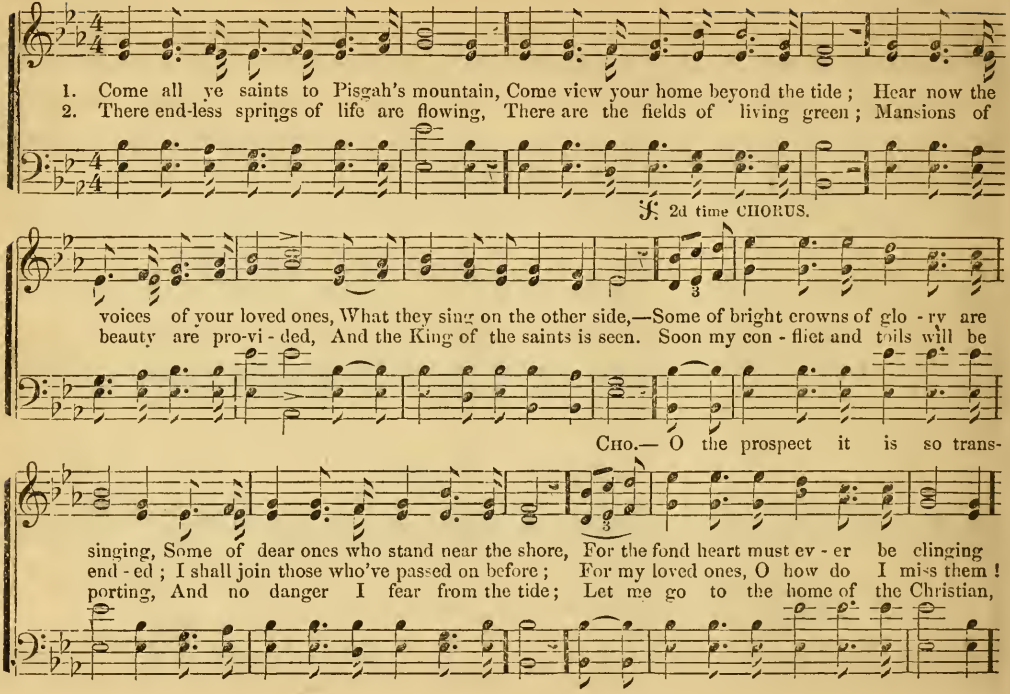


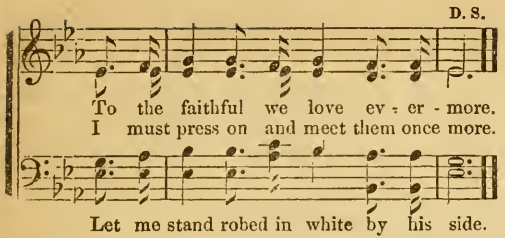
MARTYN. 7s. Double. MARSH.



OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

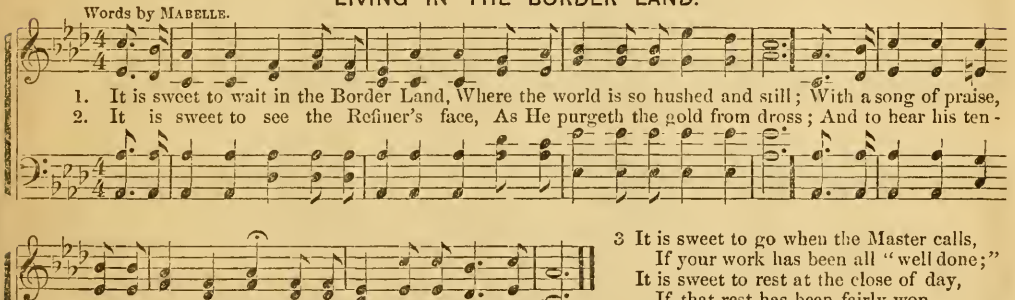
Words by Rev. J. W. Dadmun. Music by Lessur.





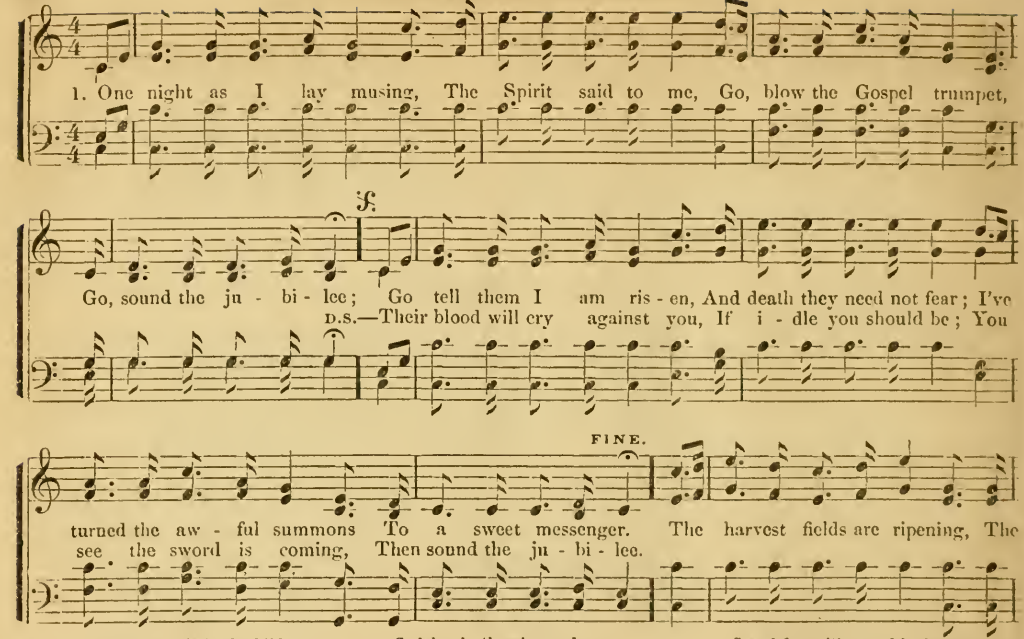
3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,
Coming from underneath the throne;
There, too, the Saviour reigns forever,
And he'll welcome the faithful home.
Would you sit by the banks of the river
With the friends you have loved by your side?
Would you join in the song of the angels?
Then be ready to follow your guide.

LIVING IN THE BORDER LAND.

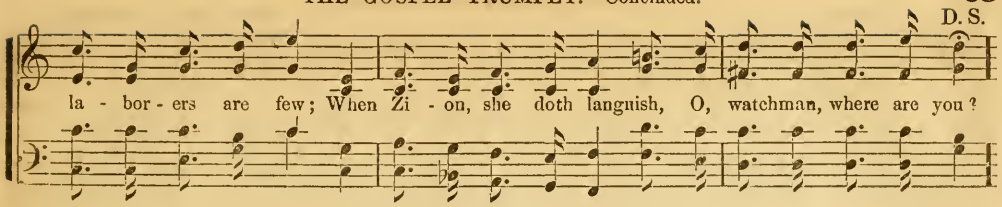


3 It is sweet to go when the Master calls,
If your work has been all "well done;"
It is sweet to rest at the close of day,
If that rest has been fairly won.

4 It is sweet to live for the dear ones here,
In each joy and all pain to share;
It is sweet to think if you go away,
Very soon they will join you there.



2 Come, oh my Father's children;
Redeemed for liberty!
Why stand you here so idle,
And wasting all the day?
Remember some are teaching,
While others preach the word:
Go labor in the vineyard,
I'll give you a sure reward.
Come brethren all, and sisters,
Though but a little band,
The vict'ry I'll ensure you,
Stand fast with sword in hand:
Then wield the sword with pleasure,
The battle goes aright;
Thus Israel gained the vict'ry
Against th' Amalekite.



THE PEOPLE CALLED CHRISTIANS.

1 The people called Christians, how many things they tell
About the land of Canaan, where saints and angels dwell;
But sin, that dreadful ocean, encloses them around,
While its tide still divides them from Canaan's happy ground.
Thousands have been impatient to find their passage through,
And with united wisdom have tried what they could do;
But vessels built by human skill, have never sailed afar,
Till they're found, run aground, on some dreadful sandy bar.

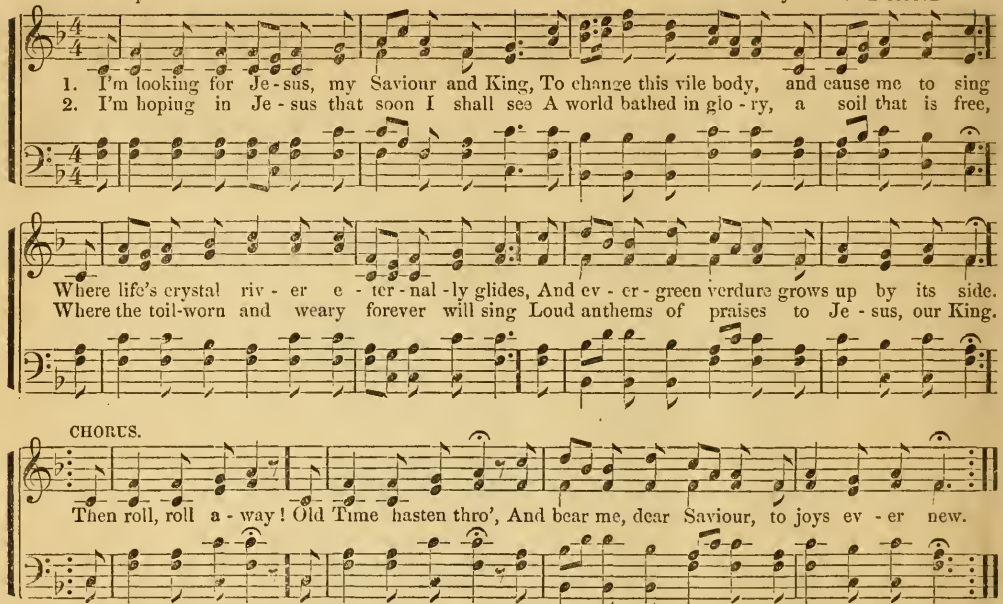
2 The everlasting Gospel has launched the deep at last;
Behold her sail suspended around her towering mast;
Around her decks, in order, the joyful sailors stand,
Crying, "O! here we go, to Immanuel's happy land!
To those who are spectators, what sorrow must ensue,
To have their old companions bid them a long adieu;
The pleasures of a paradise no longer them invite;
They may rail while we sail, but we'll soon be out of sight.

3 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid them all farewell,
But where we shall cast anchor, no mortal tongue can tell:
About our future happiness there need be no debate,
While we ride on the tide, with our Captain and his Mate.
We're passengers united, with harmony and love!
The winds all in our favor, how joyfully we move;
Though troubles may surround us, and raging billows roar,
We will sweep through the deep, till we land on Canaan's shore.

THEN ROLL, ROLL AWAY.

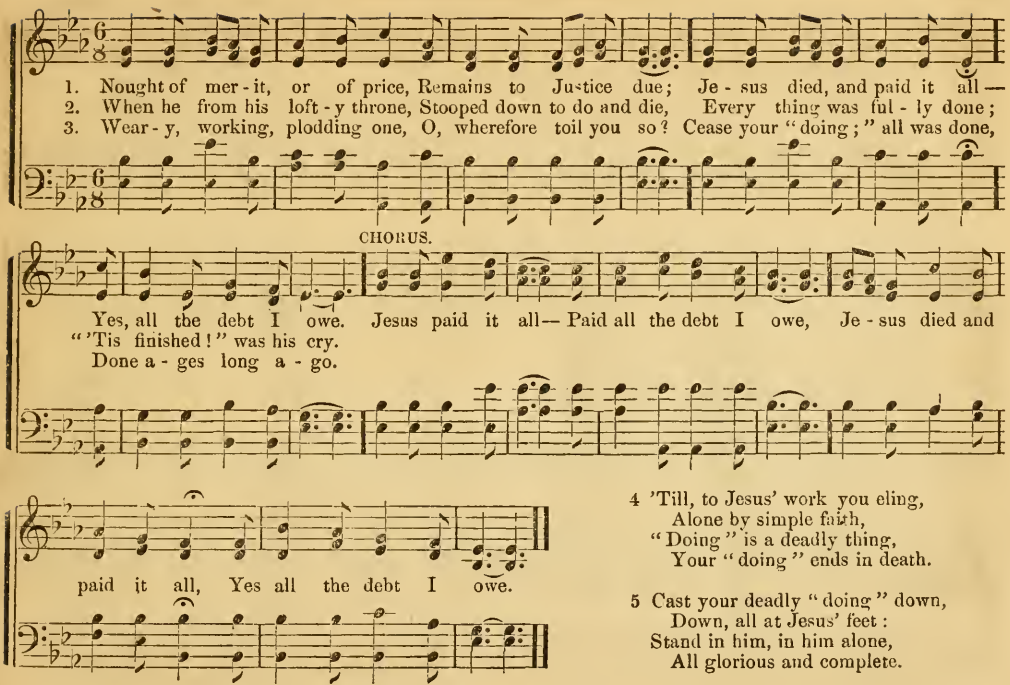
With spirit.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



3 I'm waiting for Jesus, who soon will appear,
To waken my kindred that I love so dear;
And give us a home with the pure and the blessed,
In the realms of fair Canaan forever to rest.

4 I'm sighing for Jesus, old earth has grown drear,
And wait for the hour when he shall appear,
To make it his home ever beauteous and fair,
I long to behold it, I sigh to be there.

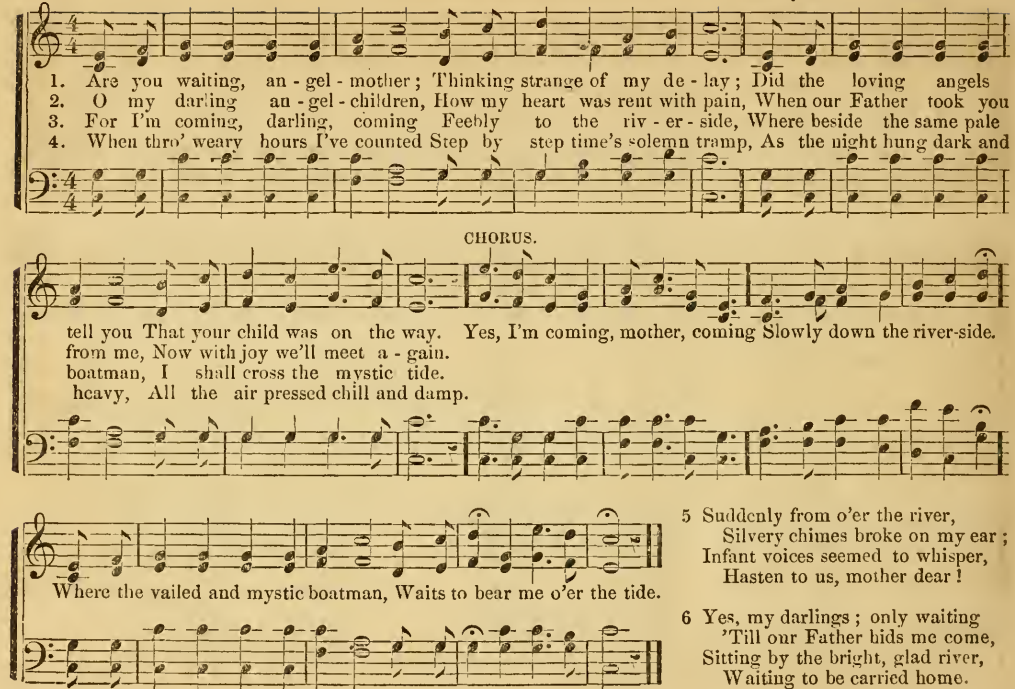


4 'Till, to Jesus' work you cling,
Alone by simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing,
Your "doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
Down, all at Jesus' feet:
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.

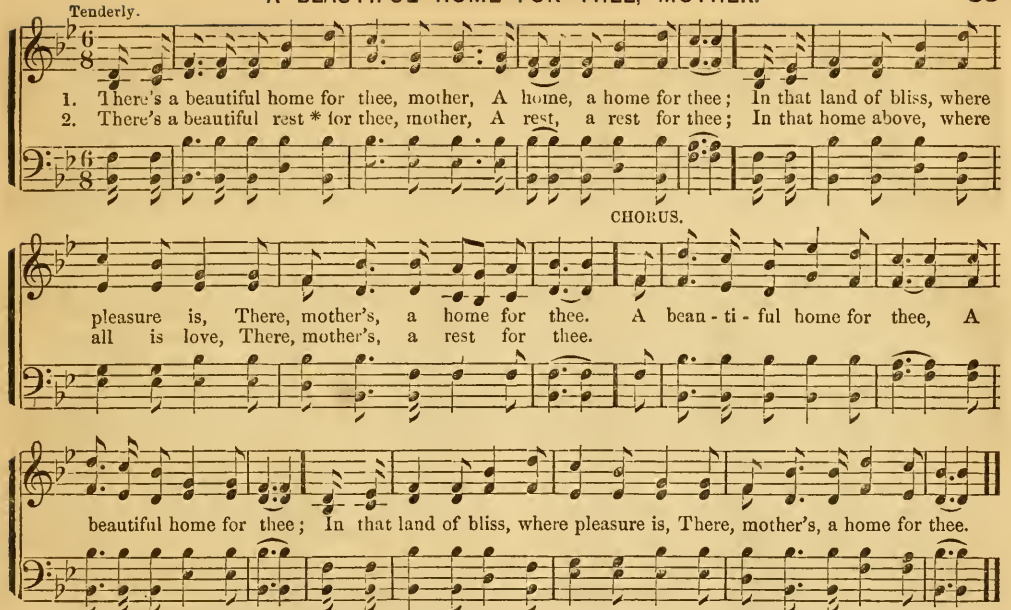
THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

Words by Mrs. C. B. Cowell.



5 Suddenly from o'er the river,
Silvery chimes broke on my ear;
Infant voices seemed to whisper,
Hasten to us, mother dear!

6 Yes, my darlings; only waiting
'Till our Father bids me come,
Sitting by the bright, glad river,
Waiting to be carried home.



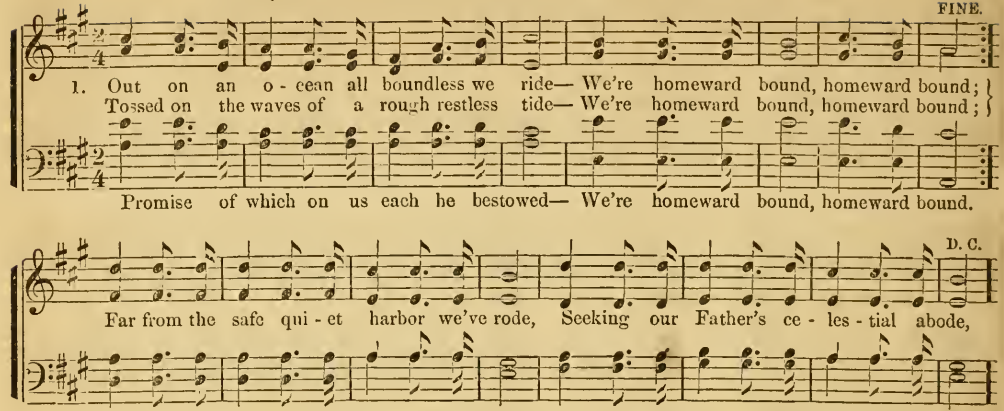
3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, mother,
A beautiful crown for thee;
When the battle's fought, the victory won,
Our Saviour will give it thee.

4 We'll seek that beautiful home, mother,
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That mansion where all is love.

* Substitute REST in the chorus.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Words by Rev. W. F. Warren. As originally published in "Revival Melodies."



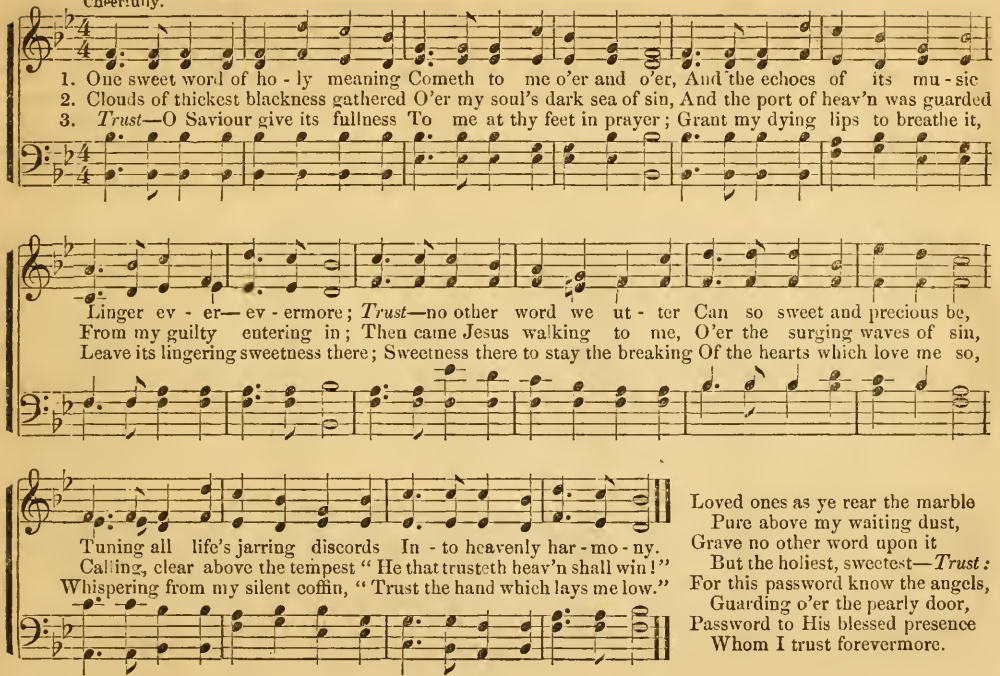
2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars—
We're homeward bound;
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores—
We're homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale:
Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail—
We're homeward bound.

3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng—
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join in our number, oh, come, and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
We're homeward bound.

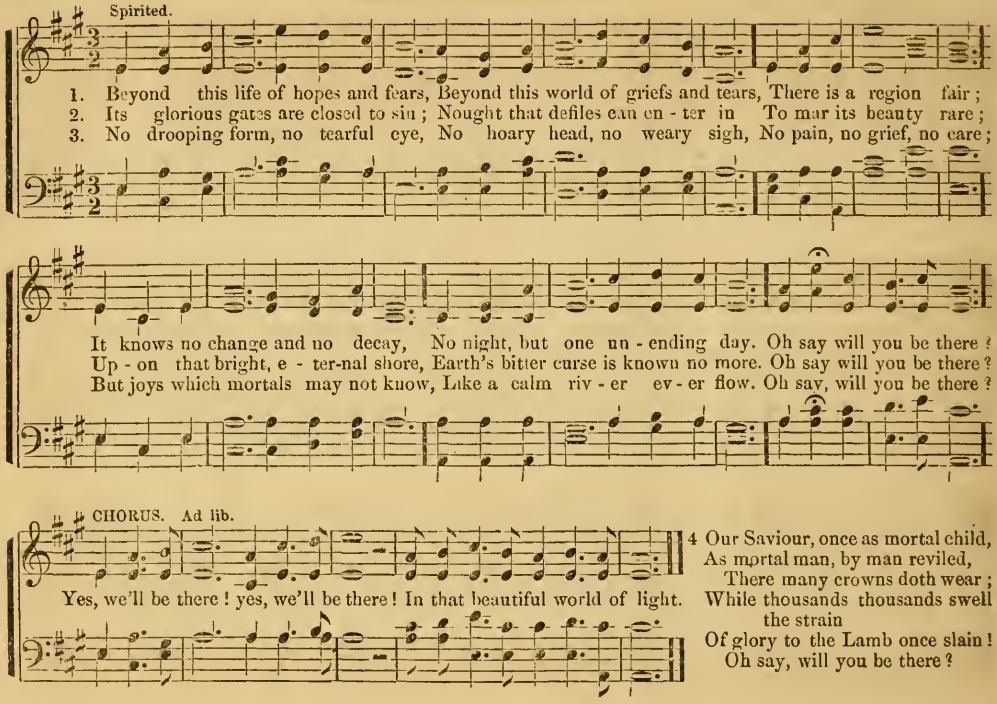
4 Into the harbor of heaven we glide—
We're home at last;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide—
We're home at last.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
"Glory to God!" we will shout evermore;
We're home at last.

Words by HERBERT NEWBURY.

Cheerfully.



Loved ones as ye rear the marble
Pure above my waiting dust,
Grave no other word upon it
But the holiest, sweetest—*Trust:*
For this password know the angels,
Guarding o'er the pearly door,
Password to His blessed presence
Whom I trust forevermore.



4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousands thousands swell the strain
Of glory to the Lamb once slain!
Oh say, will you be there?

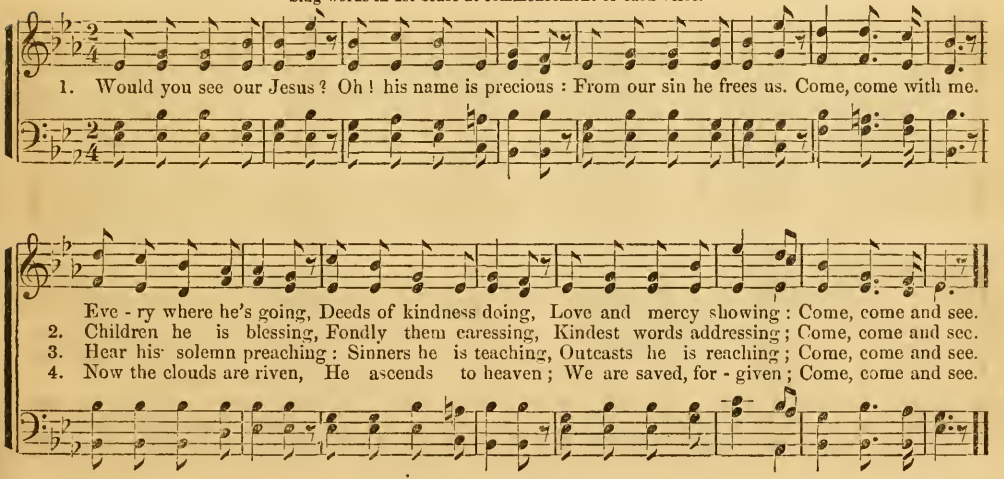
5 Who shall be there? The lowly here:
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare;
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread: —
These, these shall all be there!

6 Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,
Who did that place prepare.
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!
I am the way—I'll lead you home—
With me you shall be there!"

WOULD SEE JESUS.

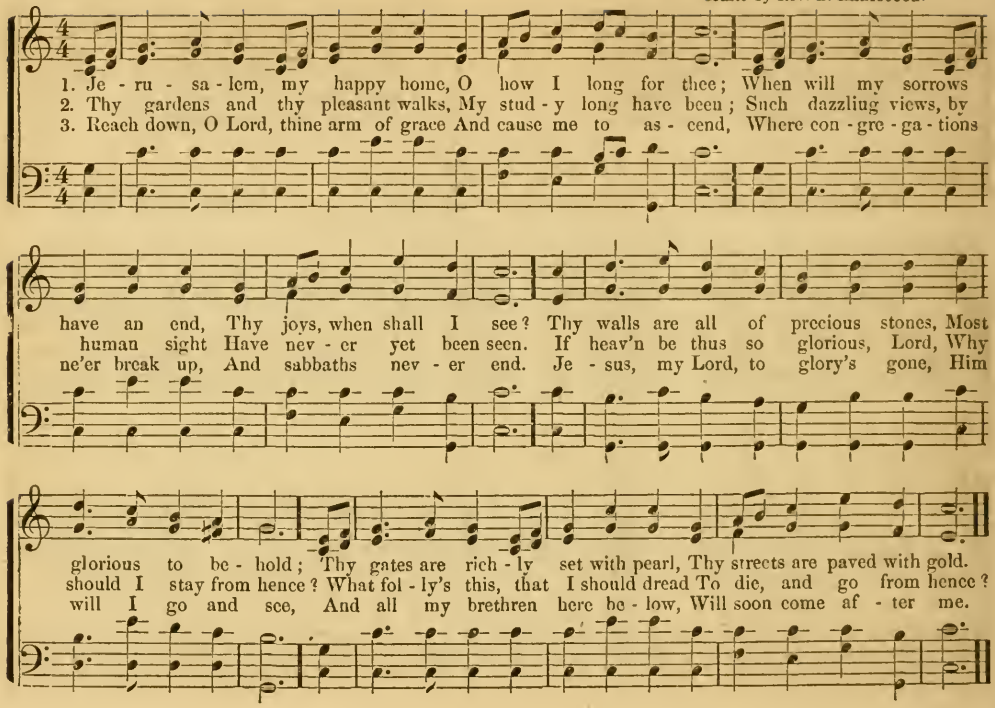
Words by Mrs. H. E. Brown. From "The Child at Home." Music by Mr. J. L. Ensign.

Sing words in 1st brace at commencement of each verse.

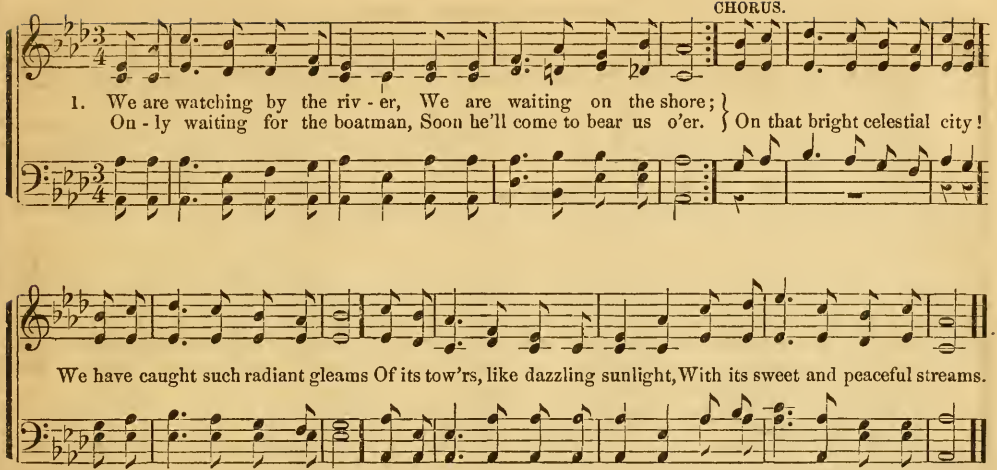


SONG OF VICTORY. C. M.

Music by Rev. L. Hartsough.



CHORUS.



2 He has called for many a loved one,
We have seen them leave our side;
With our Saviour we shall mee them,
Where we too have crossed the tide.

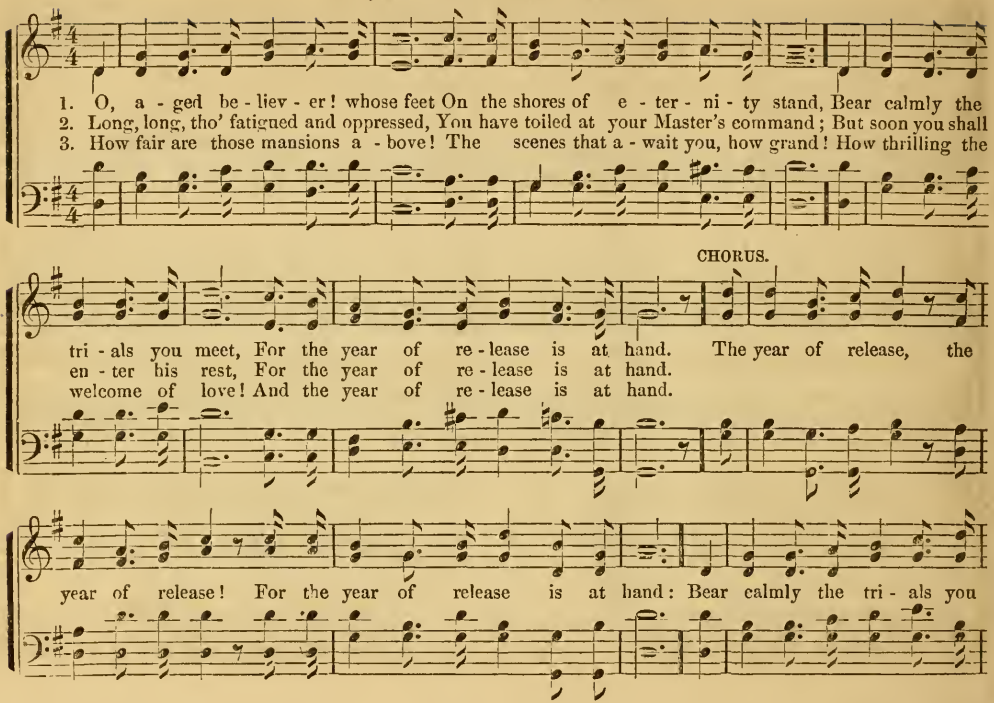
3 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
And its billows loudly roar,
Yet we hear the song of angels,
Wafted from the other shore.

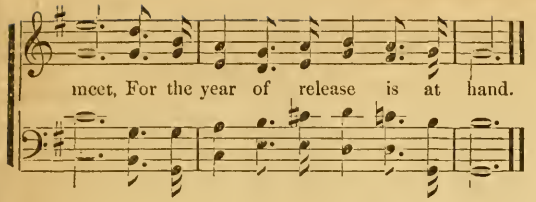
4 When we've passed that vale of shadows,
With its dark and chilling tide,
In that bright and glorious city
We shall evermore abide.

5 So we're marching by the river,
We are watching on the shore,
Only waiting for the boatman,
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

THE YEAR OF RELEASE.

"The year of release is at hand."—DEUT. xv. 9.



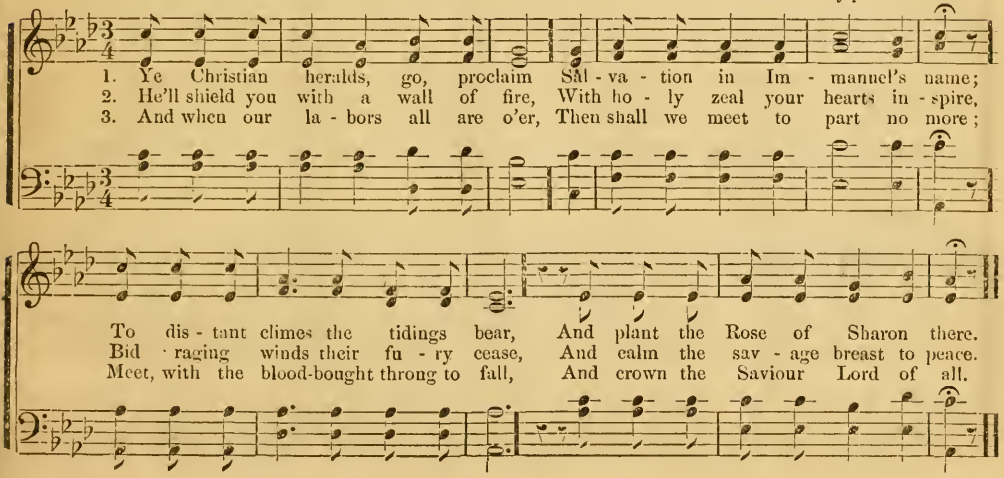


4 No storms of temptation or care
Sweep over that beautiful land;
But joys never-fading are there,
And the year of release is at hand.

5 Earth's pleasures are taking their flight,
But the glories celestial expand;
And faith almost changes to sight,
For the year of release is at hand.

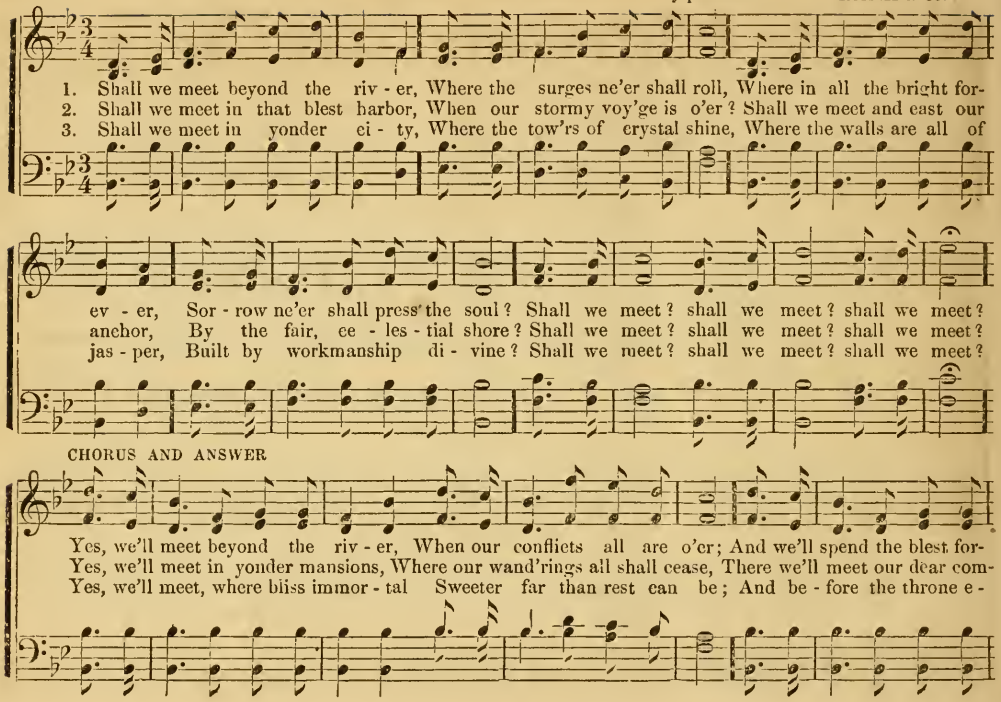
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

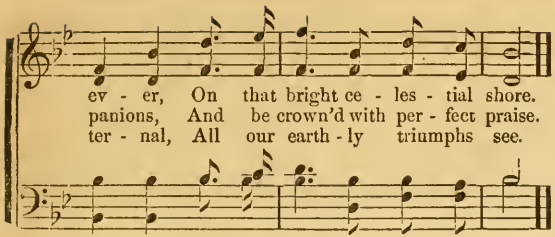
CH. ZEUNER. By permission.



SHALL WE MEET?

By permission of G. D. Russell & Co.

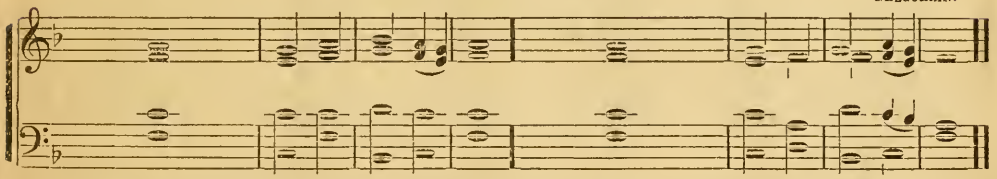




4 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet? &c.
Yes, we'll meet, where all is onward,
Every change new glories bring;
And the host still moving forward,
Glorify our heavenly King.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.



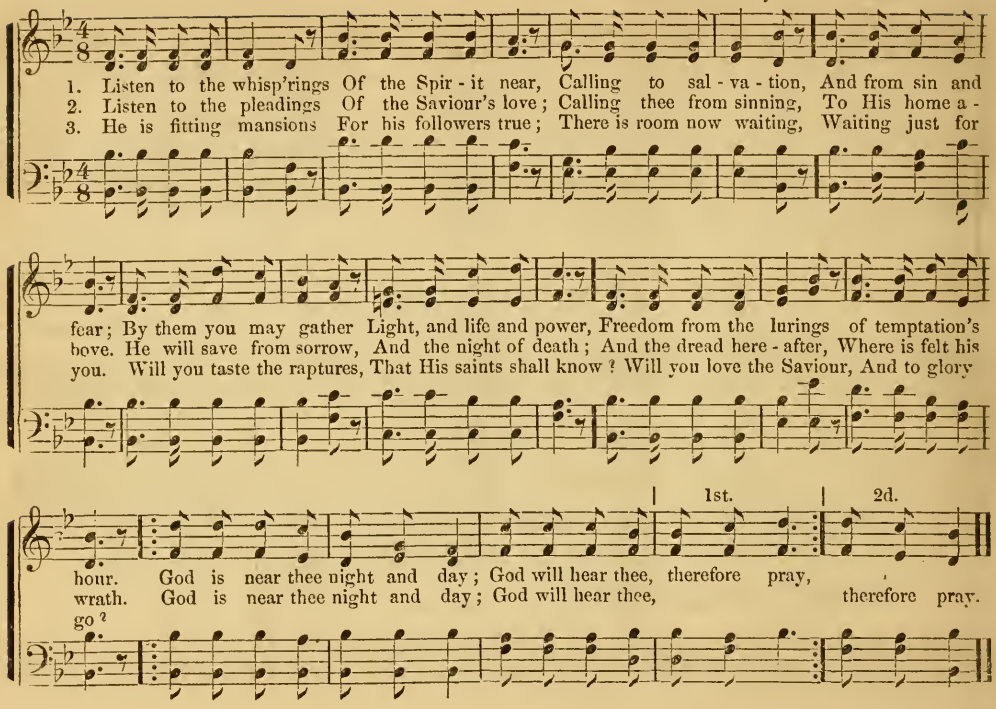
1 Our Father, who art in heaven, | hallowed | be thy | name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth,..as it | is in | heaven.

2 Give us this | day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | tres..pass a- | gainst us.

3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever. | A- | men.

GOD IS NEAR THEE.

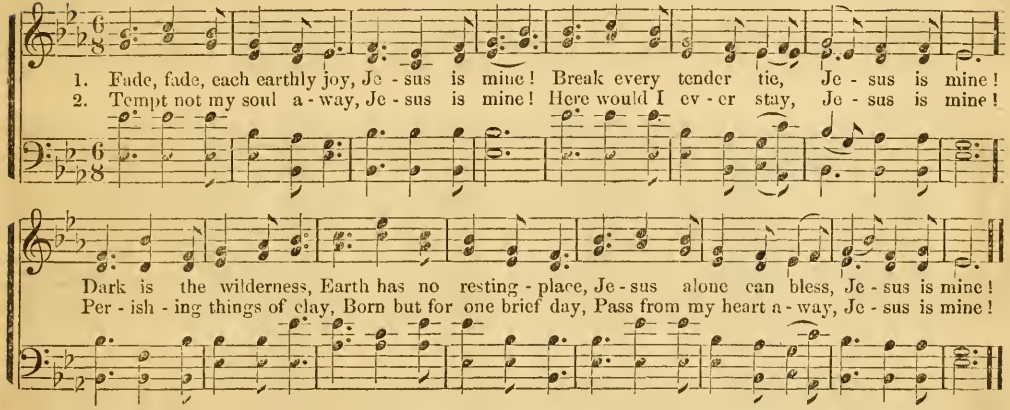
Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



4 Come then to the fountain,
Gushing from his side;
God and Heaven invite you,
Plunge beneath the tide;
There is peace and pardon
For each sin-sick soul,
Hallelujah, glory!
Jesus died for all.

JESUS IS MINE.

Words by BONAR. T. E. PERKINS. From "Shining Star," by permission.

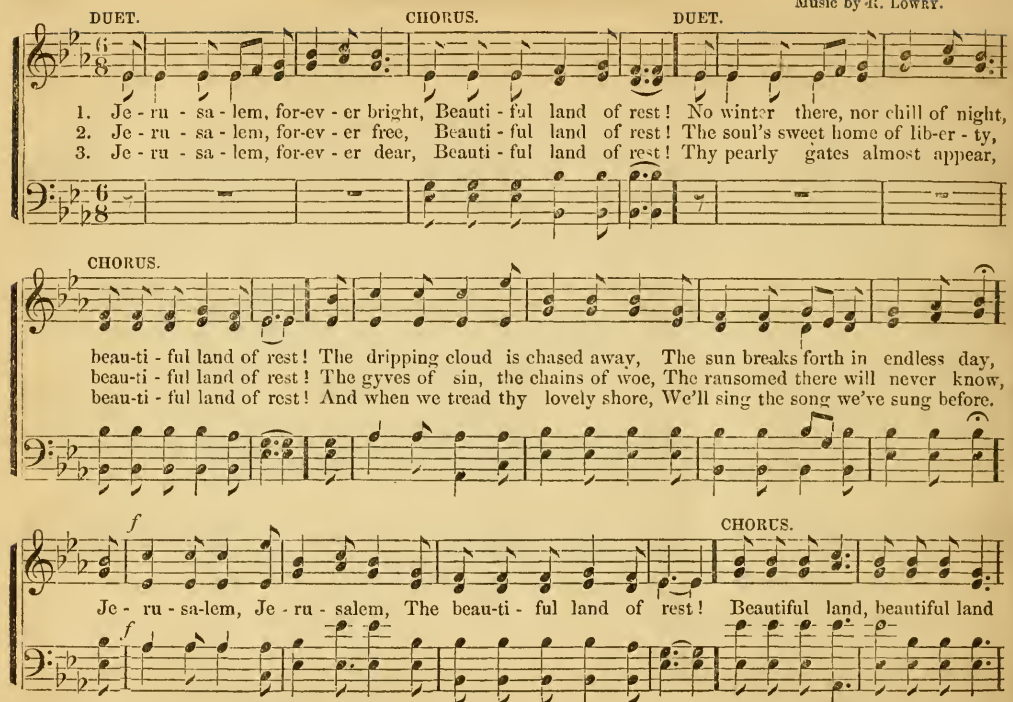


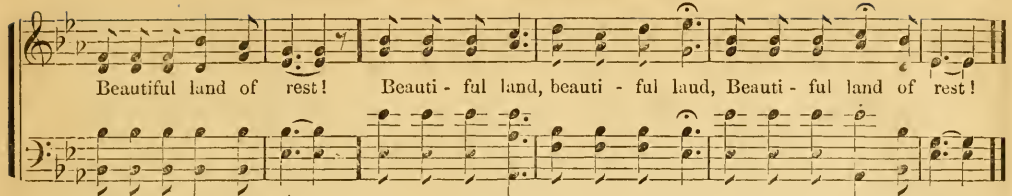
3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine,
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

BEAUTIFUL LAND OF REST.

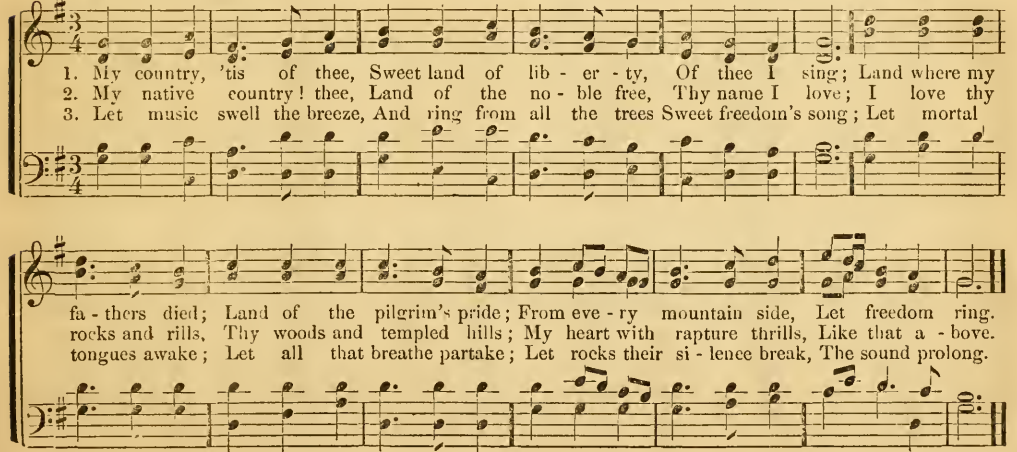
Music by R. Lowry.





AMERICA.

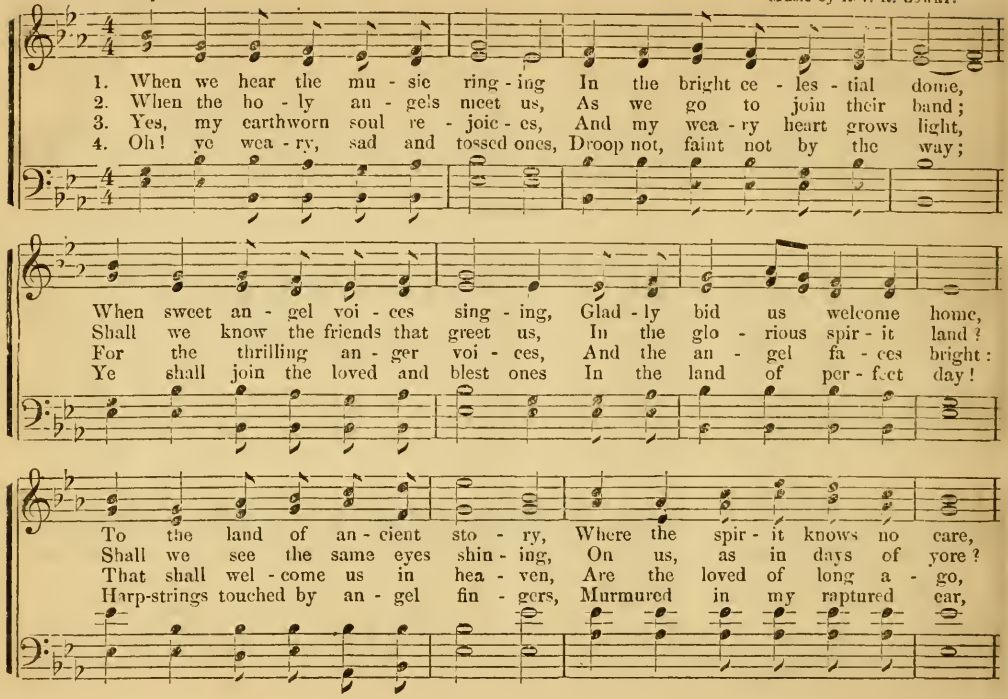
Maestoso. Words by S. F. Smith.

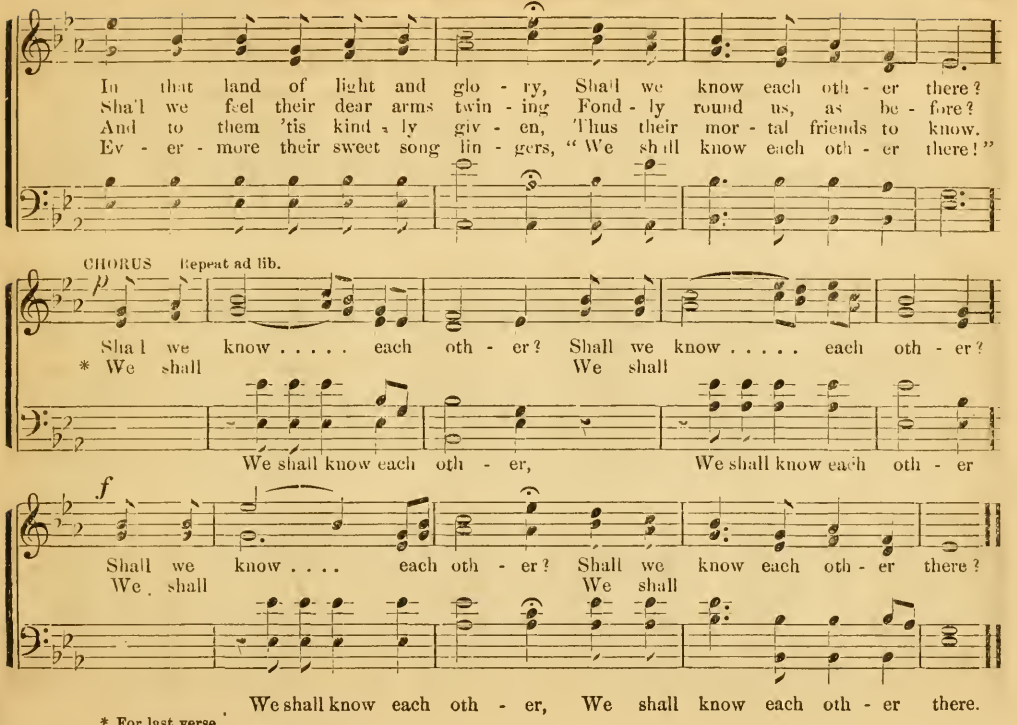


SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

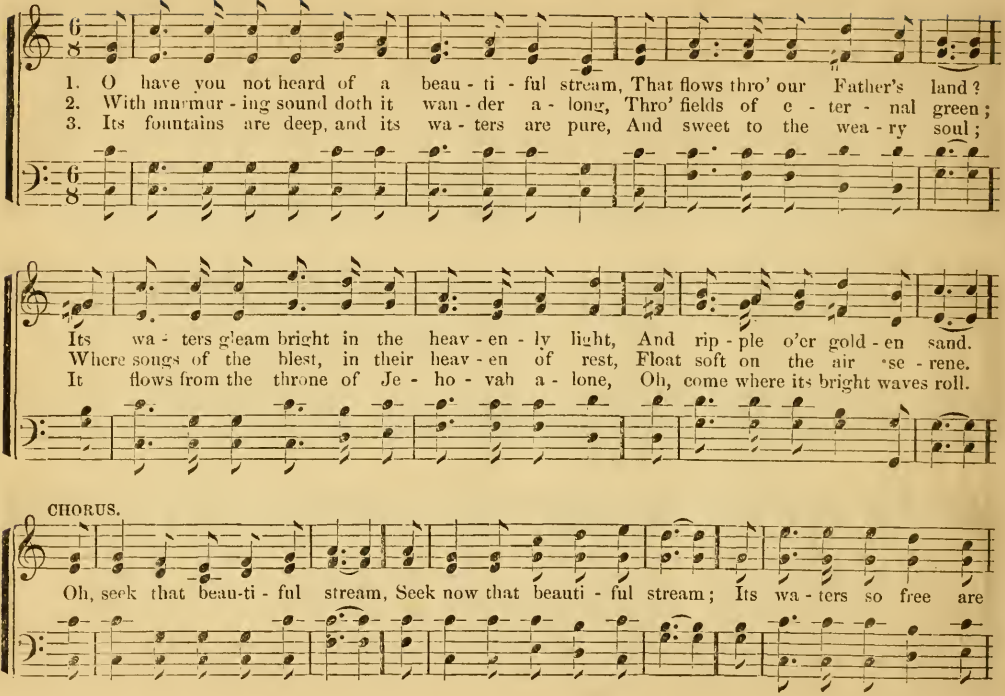
Words by W. M.

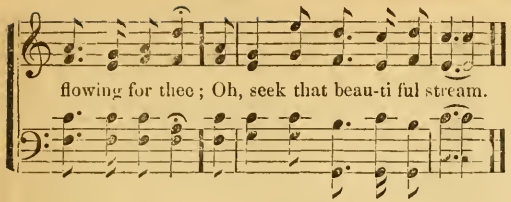
Music by Rev. R. Lowry.





* For last verse.


1. O have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land?
2. With murmur - ing sound doth it wan - der a - long, Thro' fields of e - ter - nal green;
3. Its fountains are deep, and its wa - ters are pure, And sweet to the wea - ry soul;
Its wa - ters gleam bright in the heav - en - ly light, And rip - ple o'er gold - en sand.
Where songs of the blest, in their heav - en of rest, Float soft on the air se - rene.
It flows from the throne of Je - ho - vah a - lone, Oh, come where its bright waves roll.
CHORUS.
Oh, seek that beau-ti - ful stream, Seek now that beauti - ful stream; Its wa - ters so free are

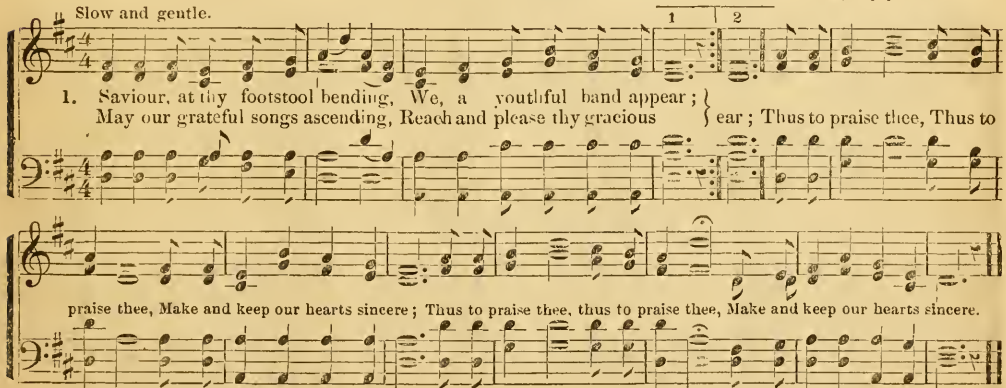


4 This beautiful stream is the river of life!
It flows for all nations, free!
A balm for each wound in its water is found!
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!

5 Oh, will ye not drink of this beautiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary ones home,
And wander in sin no more.

SAVIOUR, AT THY FOOTSTOOL BENDING.

WM. B. BRADBURY. From the "Oriola," by permission.

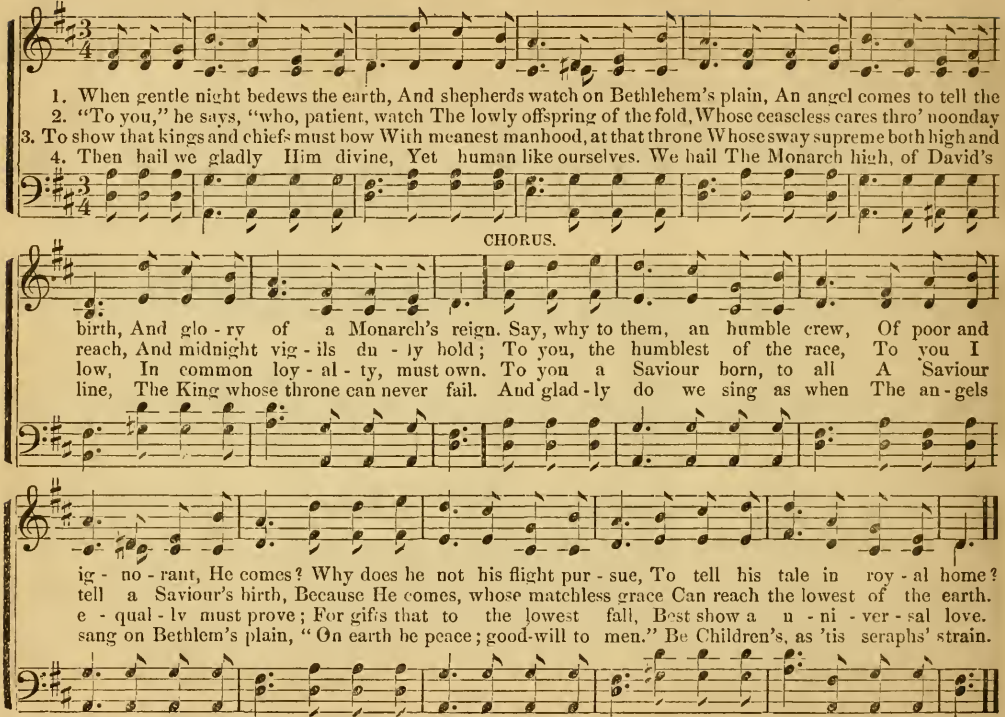


2 No harsh words of indignation
Drive this little flock from thee;
Gentle is thy invitation:
"Suffer them to come to me."
Dearest Saviour,
Let us each thy kingdom see.

3 Take us, then, thou kind Protector,
Keep us by thy watchful care;
Be our Shepherd, Friend, Director,
In thy arms of mercy bear;
Guide to glory,
We shall dwell in safety there.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

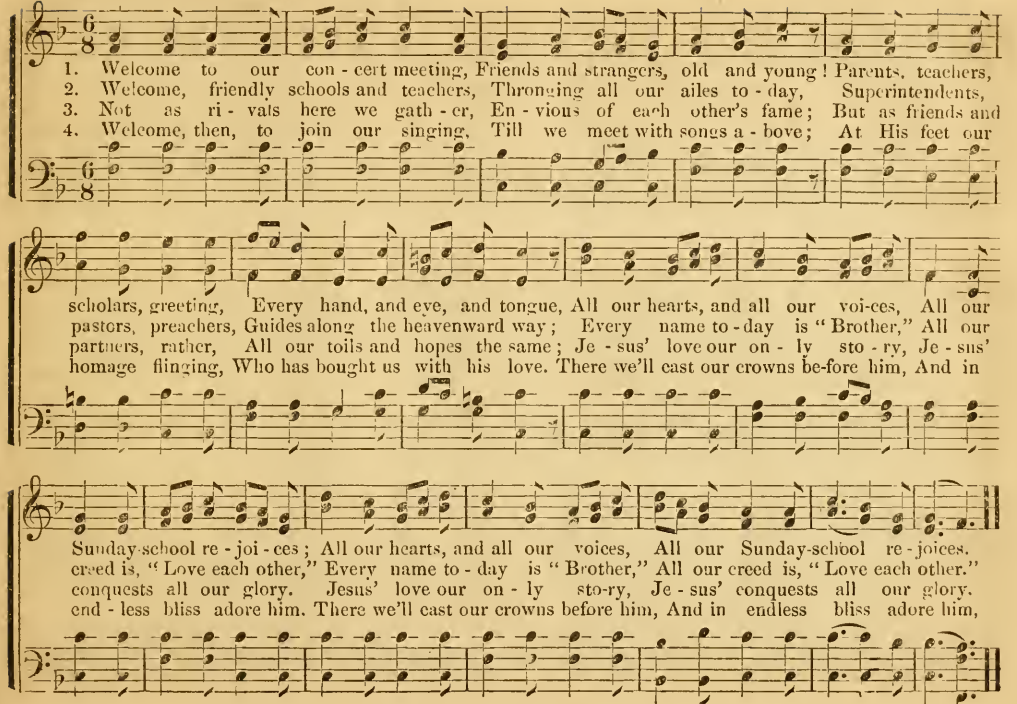
Words by Rev. Horatio Southgate, D. D. Music by Antonio Mera.



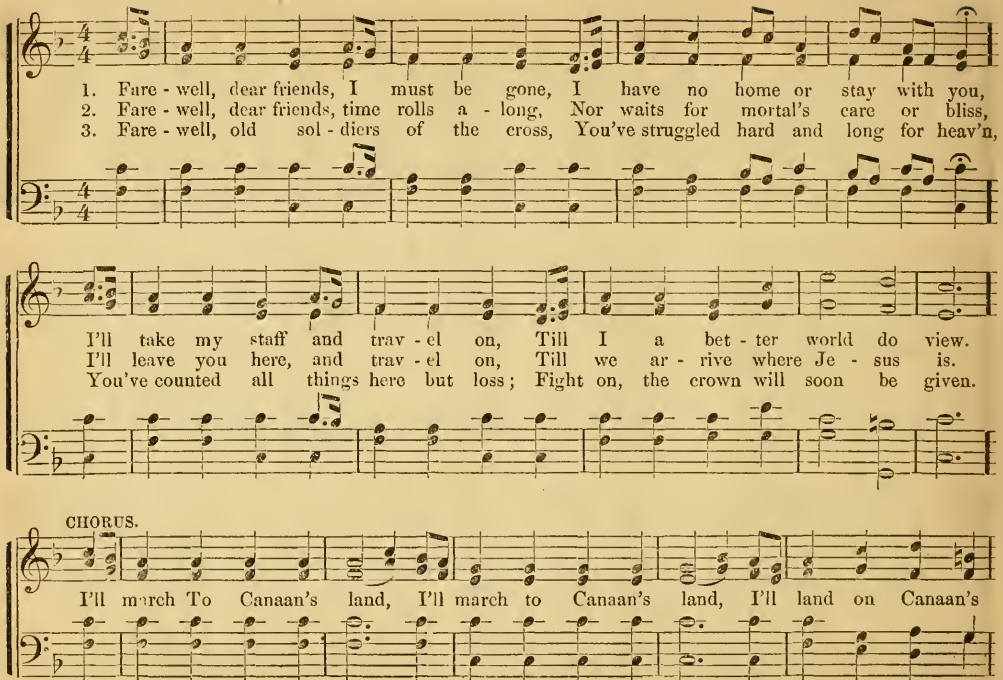
WELCOME TO OUR CONCERT.

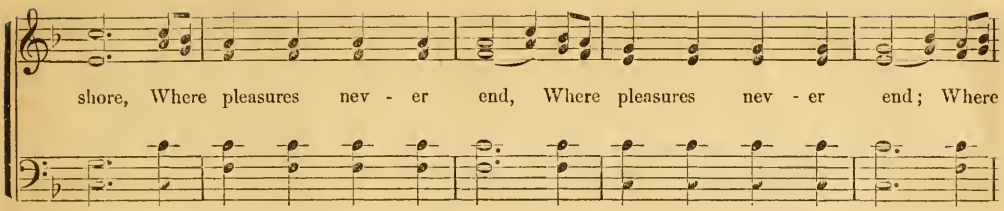
Words by Rev. GEORGE LANSING TAYOR, M. A.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

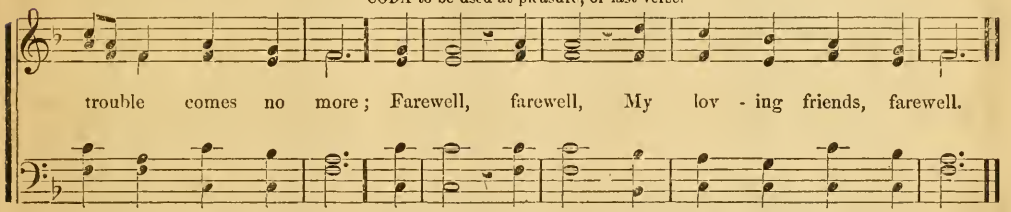


E. W. Kellogg.


1. Fare - well, dear friends, I must be gone, I have no home or stay with you,
2. Fare - well, dear friends, time rolls a - long, Nor waits for mortal's care or bliss,
3. Fare - well, old sol - diers of the cross, You've struggled hard and long for heav'n,
I'll take my staff and trav - el on, Till I a bet - ter world do view.
I'll leave you here, and trav - el on, Till we ar - rive where Je - sus is.
You've counted all things here but loss; Fight on, the crown will soon be given.
CHORUS.
I'll march To Canaan's land, I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's



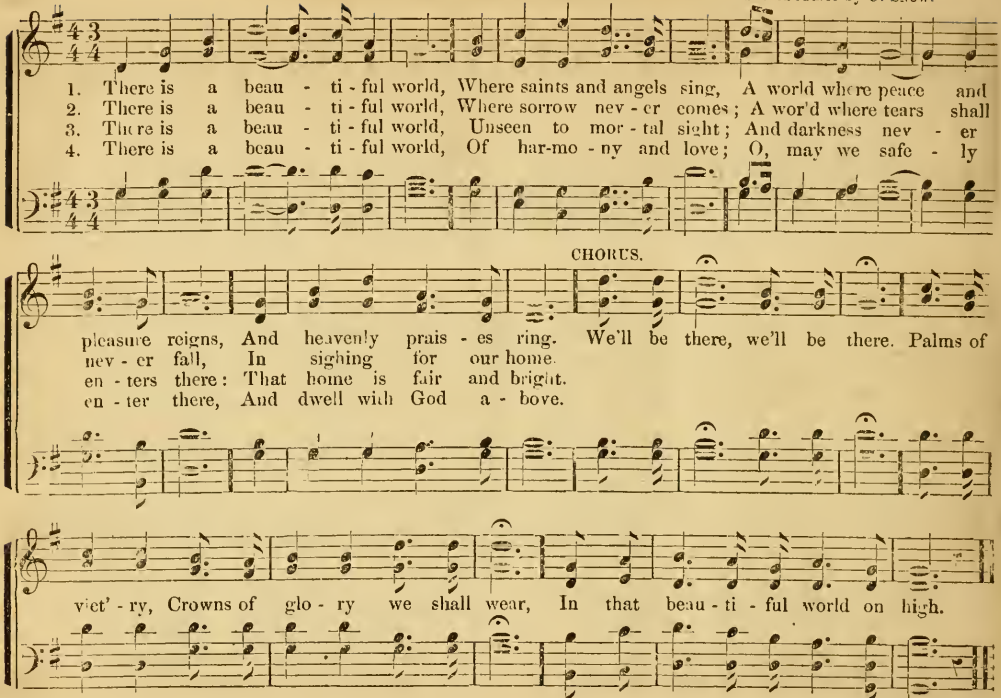
CODA to be used at pleasure, or last verse.



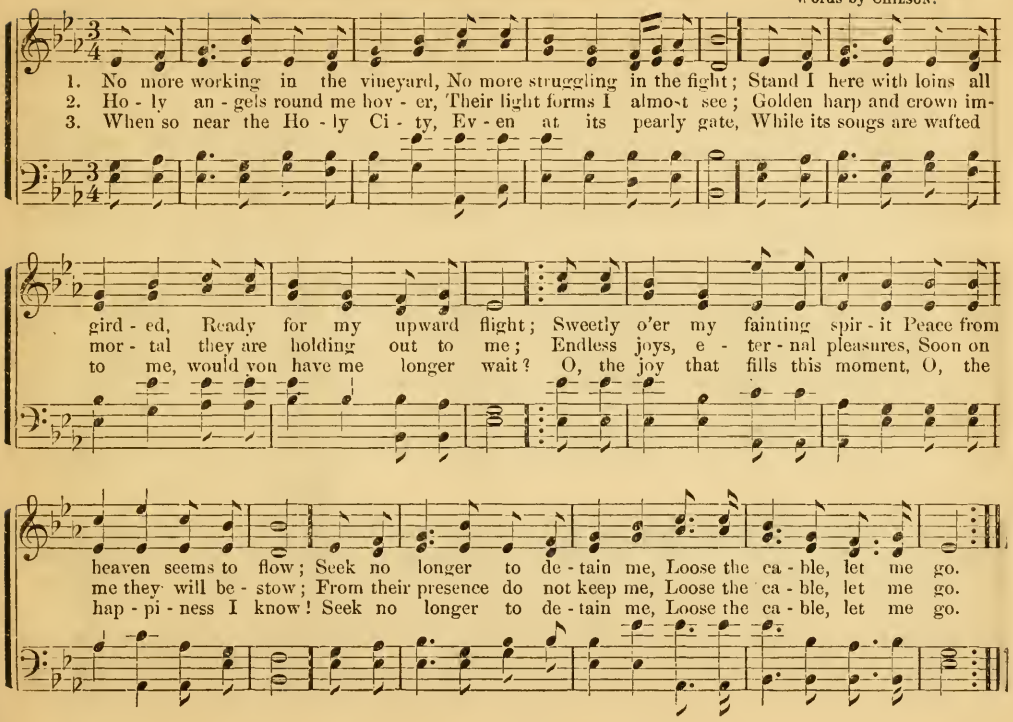
4 Farewell, ye youth, beloved and strong,
And firm the hallowed cross sustain,
In Jesus' service earthly loss
Will but increase your heavenly gain.

5 Farewell, my friends, we soon shall rise,
And join th' angelic host on high;
I gaze on heaven with wishful eyes,
And long with angel-wings to rise.

Words and Music by O. Snow.

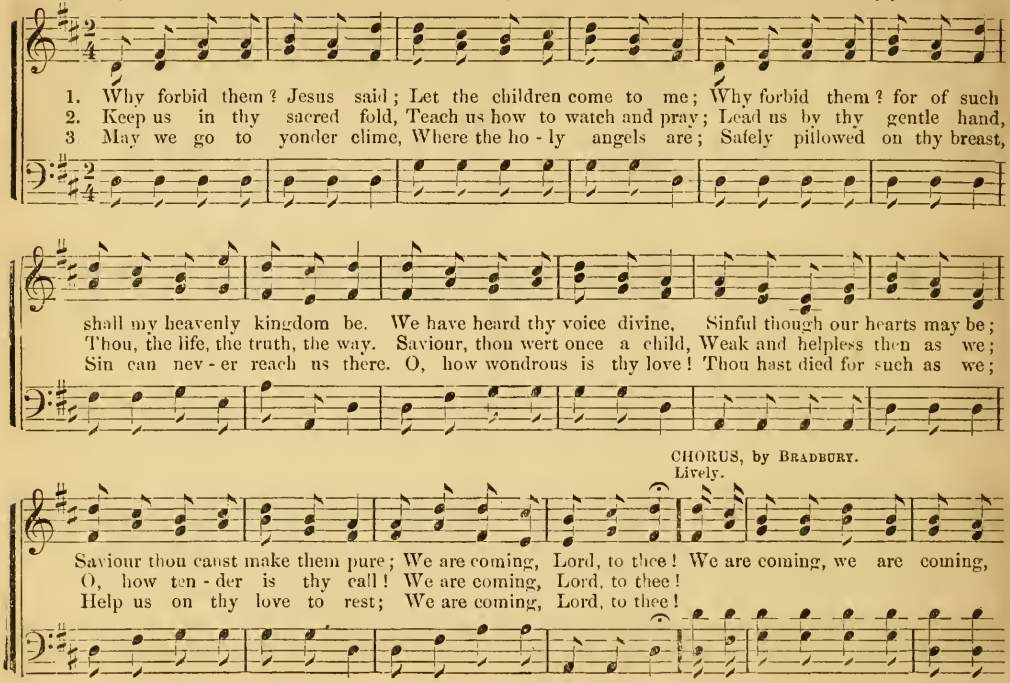


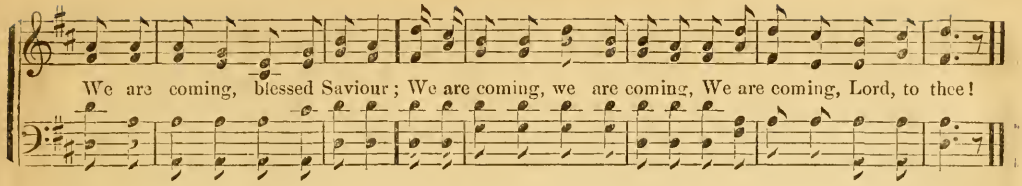
Words by CHILSON.



WE ARE COMING, LORD, TO THEE.

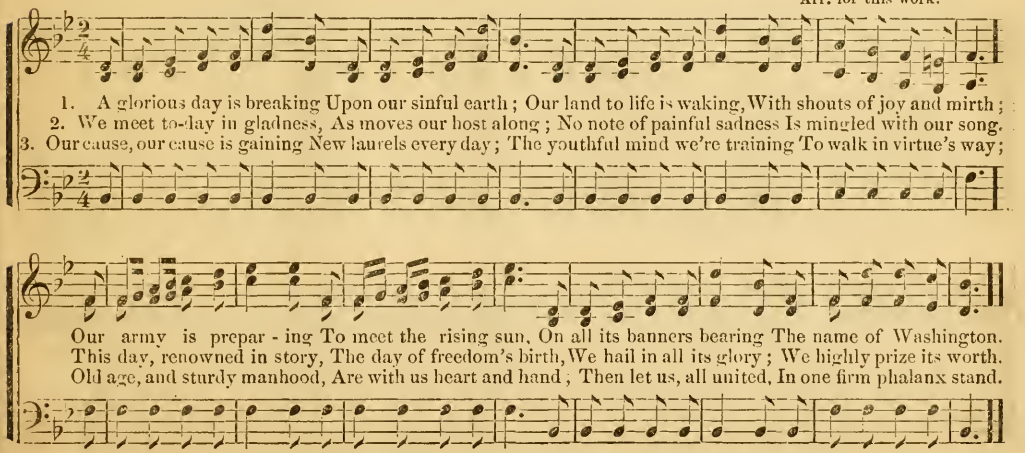
Words by Miss FANNY CROSBY. Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "MUSICAL LEAVES," by permission.

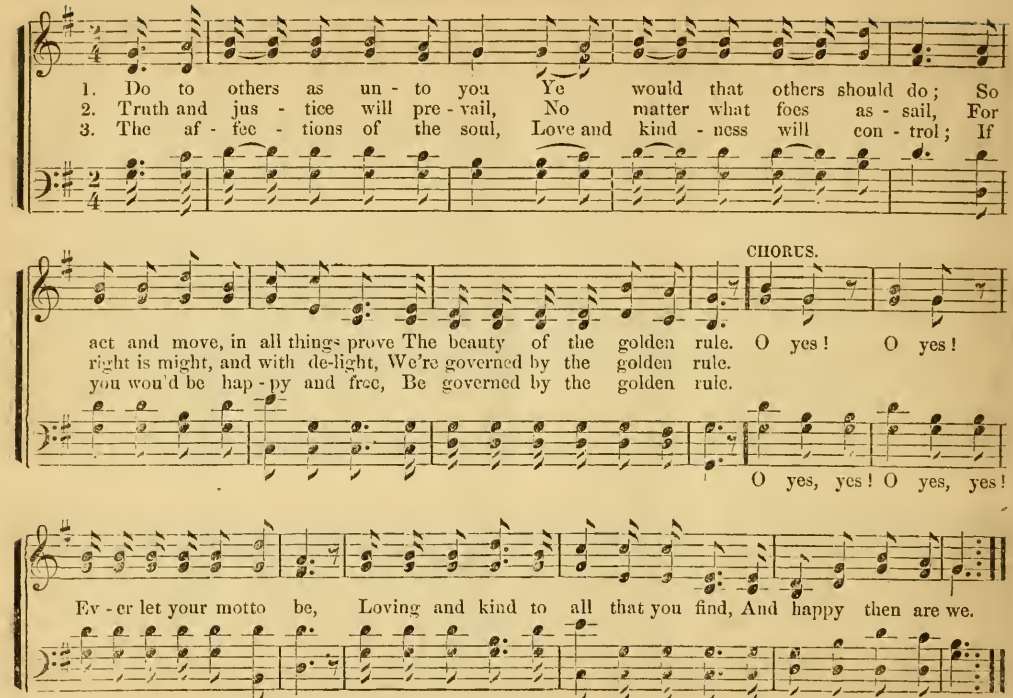


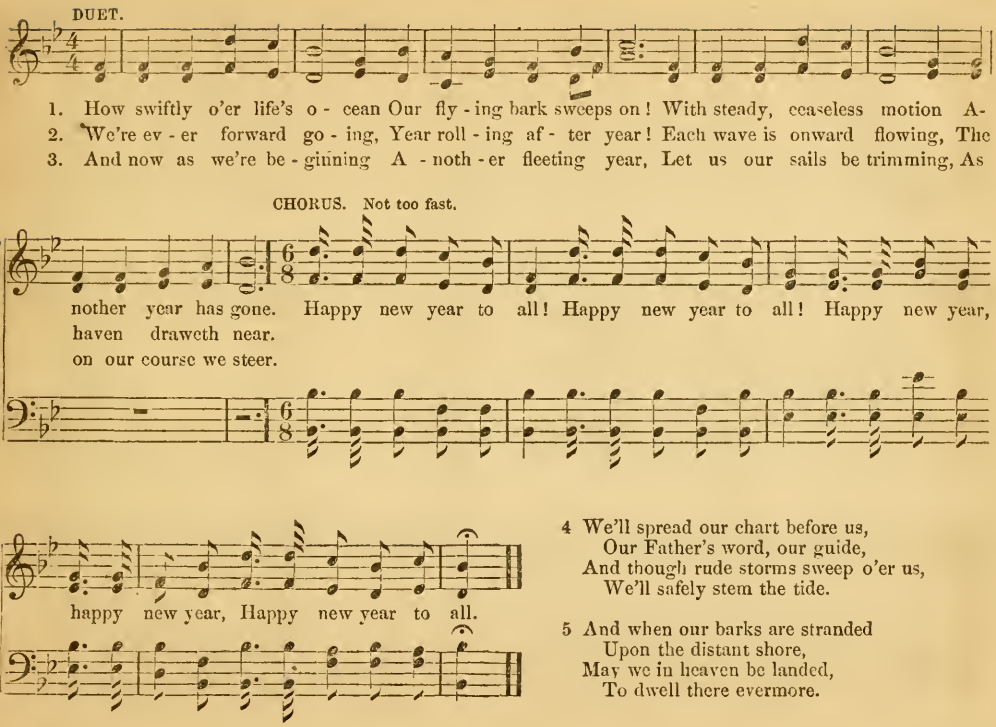


TEMPERANCE SONG.

Arr. for this work.




1. Do to others as un - to you Ye would that others should do; So
2. Truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, No matter what foes as - sail, For
3. The af - fec - tions of the soul, Love and kind - ness will con - trol; If
CHORUS.
act and move, in all things prove The beauty of the golden rule. O yes! O yes!
right is might, and with de-light, We're governed by the golden rule.
you wou'd be hap - py and free, Be governed by the golden rule.
O yes, yes! O yes, yes!
Ev - er let your motto be, Loving and kind to all that you find, And happy then are we.

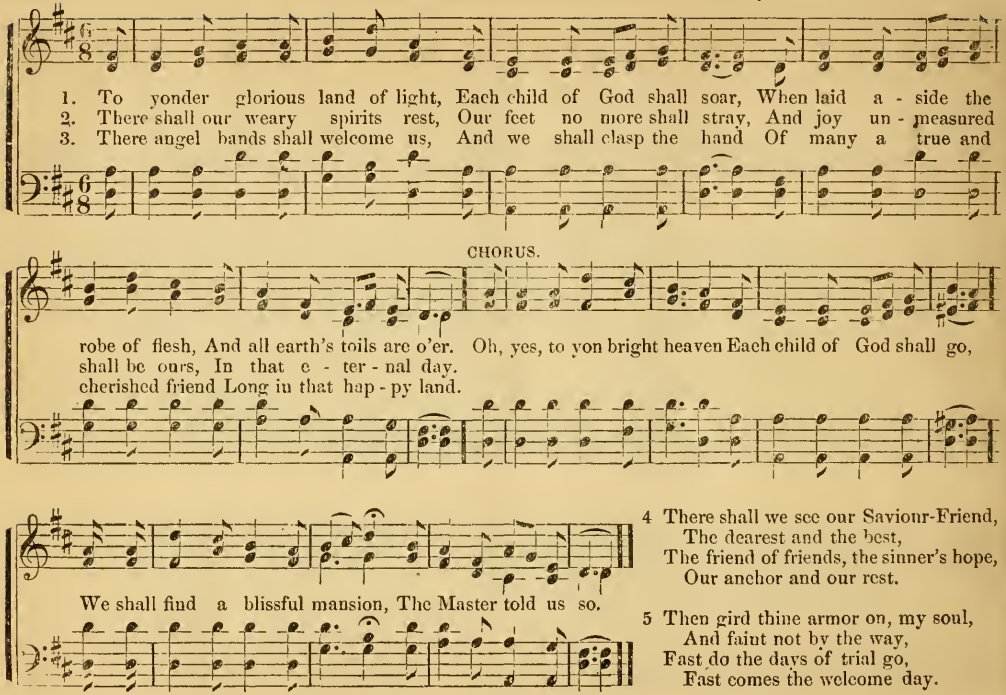


4 We'll spread our chart before us,
Our Father's word, our guide,
And though rude storms sweep o'er us,
We'll safely stem the tide.

5 And when our barks are stranded
Upon the distant shore,
May we in heaven be landed,
To dwell there evermore.

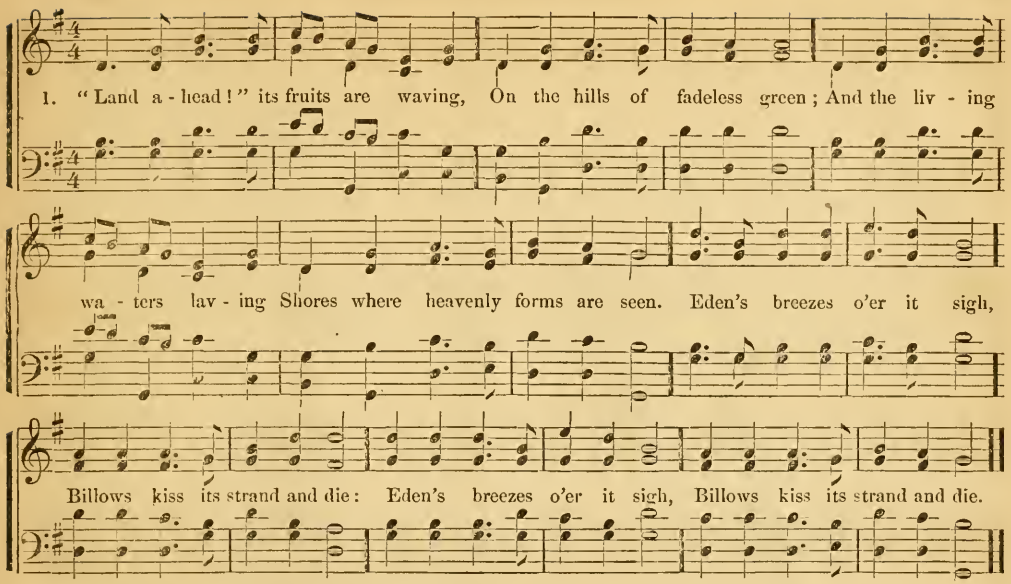
THE MASTER TOLD US SO.

Words by Mrs. P. A. Hanaford.



4 There shall we see our Saviour-Friend,
The dearest and the best,
The friend of friends, the sinner's hope,
Our anchor and our rest.

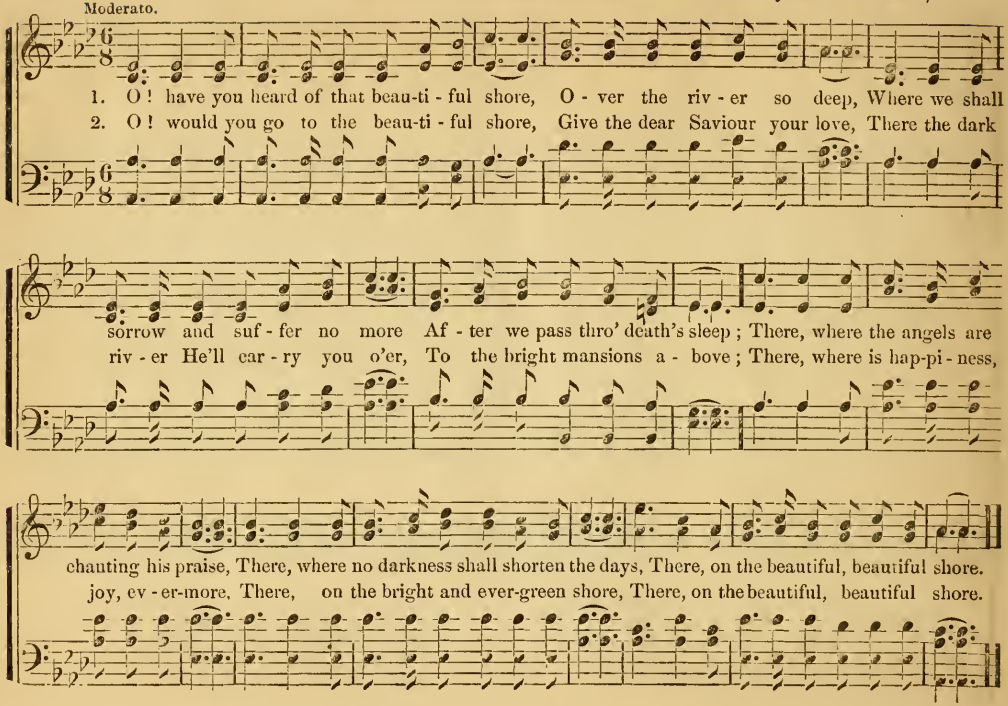
5 Then gird thine armor on, my soul,
And faint not by the way,
Fast do the days of trial go,
Fast comes the welcome day.



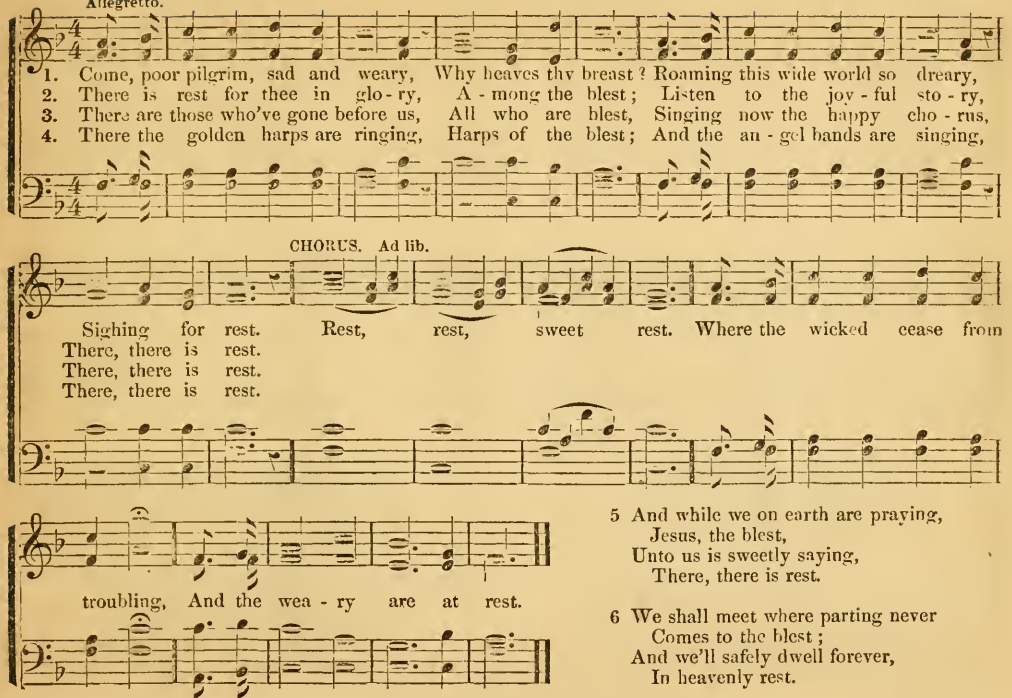
2 Onward, bark! "The cape I'm rounding,"
See the blessed wave their hands!
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands,
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,
When on that inviting shore.

3 "Let the anchor go,"—I'm riding
On this calm and silvery bay;
Seaward fast, the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Strike the colors, furl the sail!
I am safe within the vail!

Words by W. Dexter Smith, Jr.

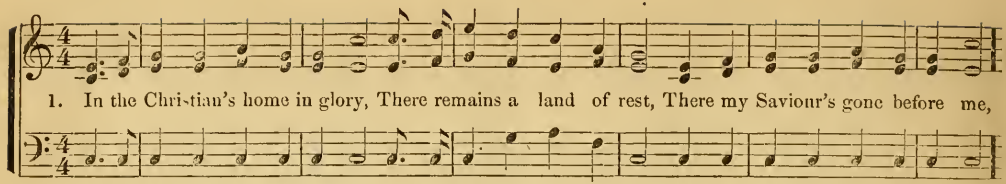


REV. G. D. BROWNE.



5 And while we on earth are praying,
Jesus, the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying,
There, there is rest.

6 We shall meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest.



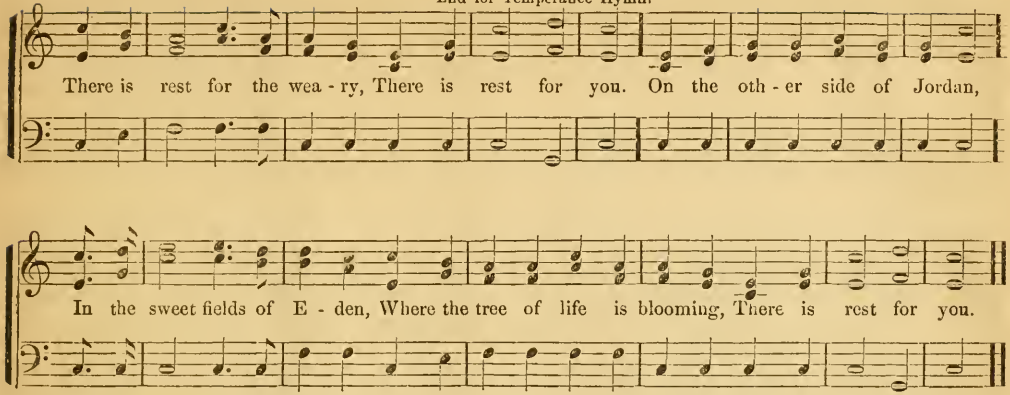
2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.

3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.

5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

End for Temperance Hymn.



TEMPERANCE HYMN.

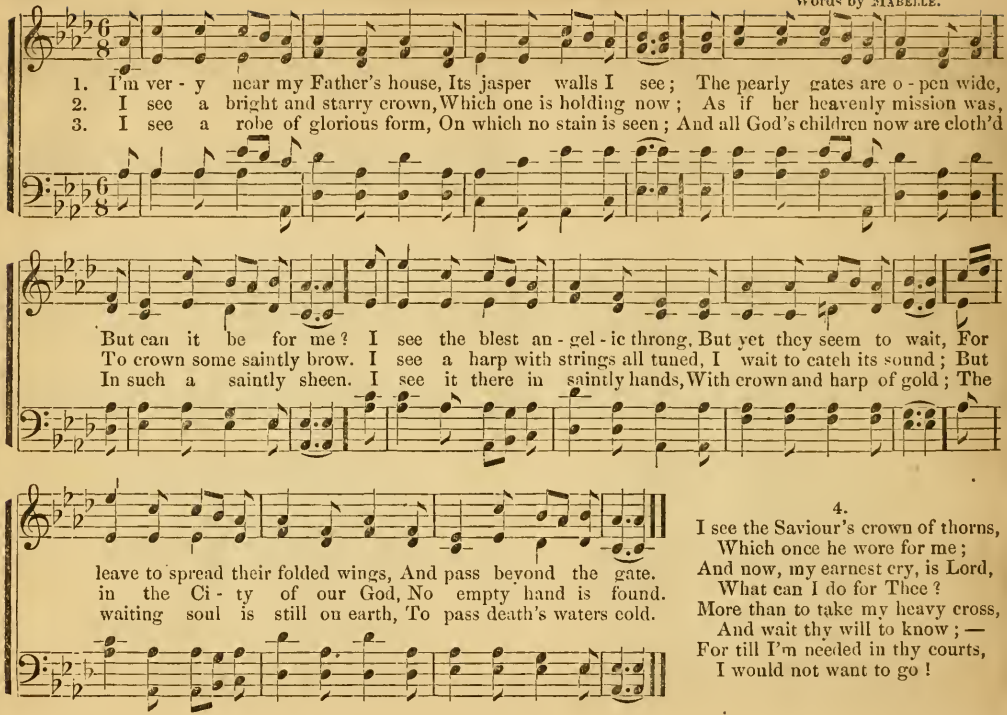
1 O'er the dark abodes of sorrow,
Cheered by no reviving ray,
Brightly temperance arising,
Brings a bright and glorious day.
CHORUS.—There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for the fallen,
There is hope for all.

2 Thousands long in bondage groaning,
Hail the bright and glorious light;
See from eastern coast to western
Quickly fly the shades of night.

3 May the heart-reviving story
Win and conquer—never cease—
May the ranks of temperance ever
Multiply and still increase.

4 Now the trump of temperance sounding,
Rouse! ye freemen! why delay?
Let your voices, all resounding,
Welcome on the happy day.

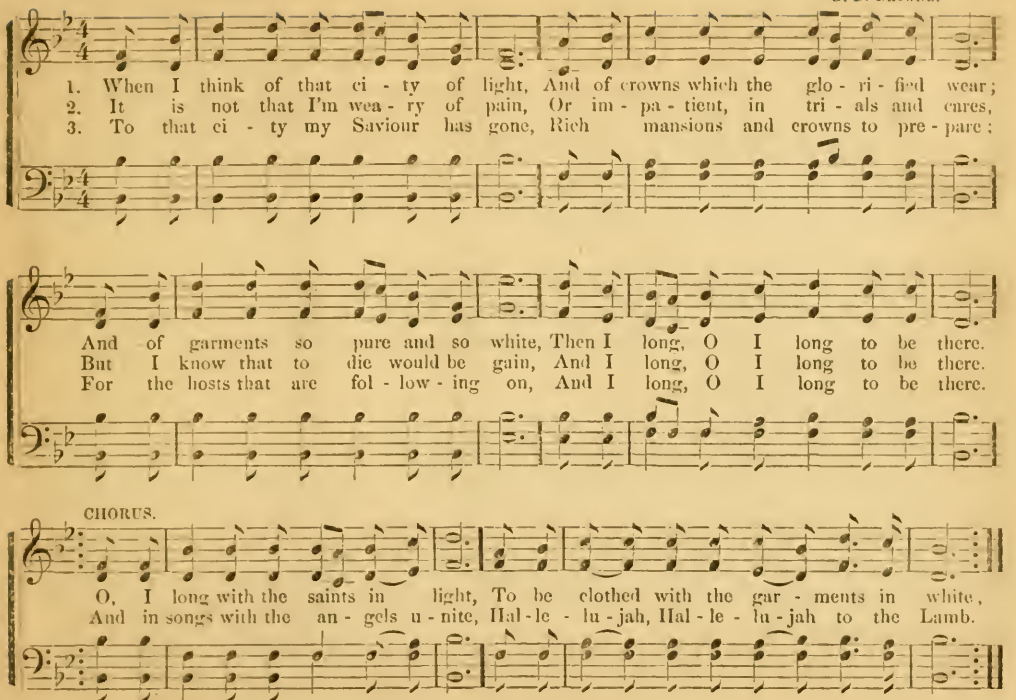
Words by MABELLE.



4.

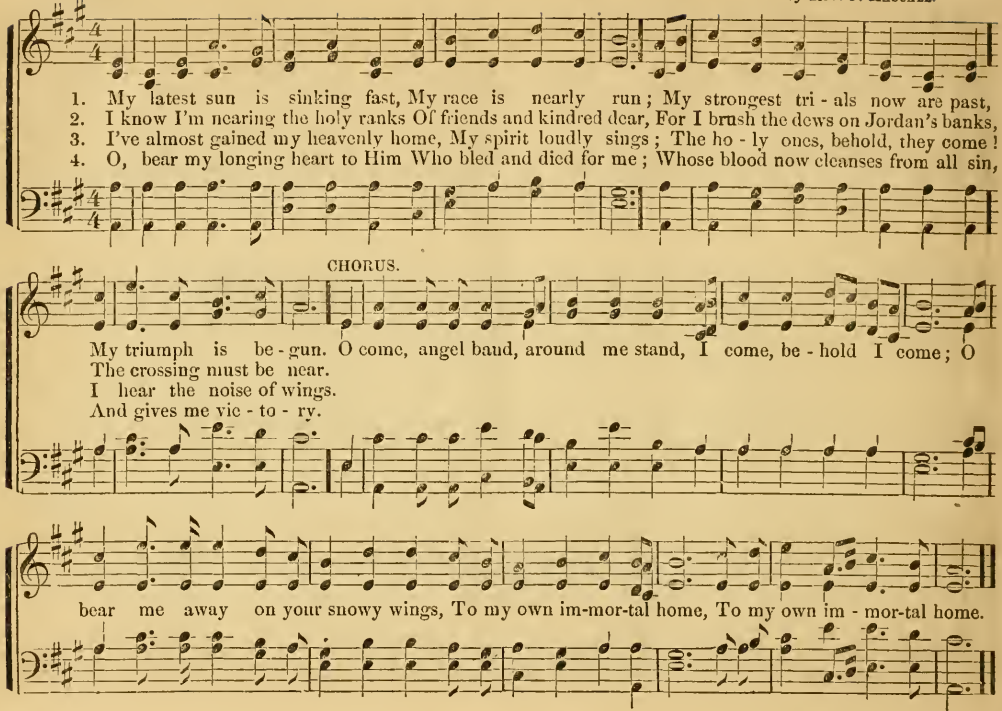
I see the Saviour's crown of thorns,
Which once he wore for me;
And now, my earnest cry, is Lord,
What can I do for Thee?
More than to take my heavy cross,
And wait thy will to know; —
For till I'm needed in thy courts,
I would not want to go!

G. D. BROWNE.


1. When I think of that ci - ty of light, And of crowns which the glo - ri - fied wear;
2. It is not that I'm wea - ry of pain, Or im - pa - tient, in tri - als and cares,
3. To that ci - ty my Saviour has gone, Rich mansions and crowns to pre - pare;
And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.
But I know that to die would be gain, And I long, O I long to be there.
For the hosts that are fol - low - ing on, And I long, O I long to be there.
CHORUS.
O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed with the gar - ments in white,
And in songs with the an - gels u - nite, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb.

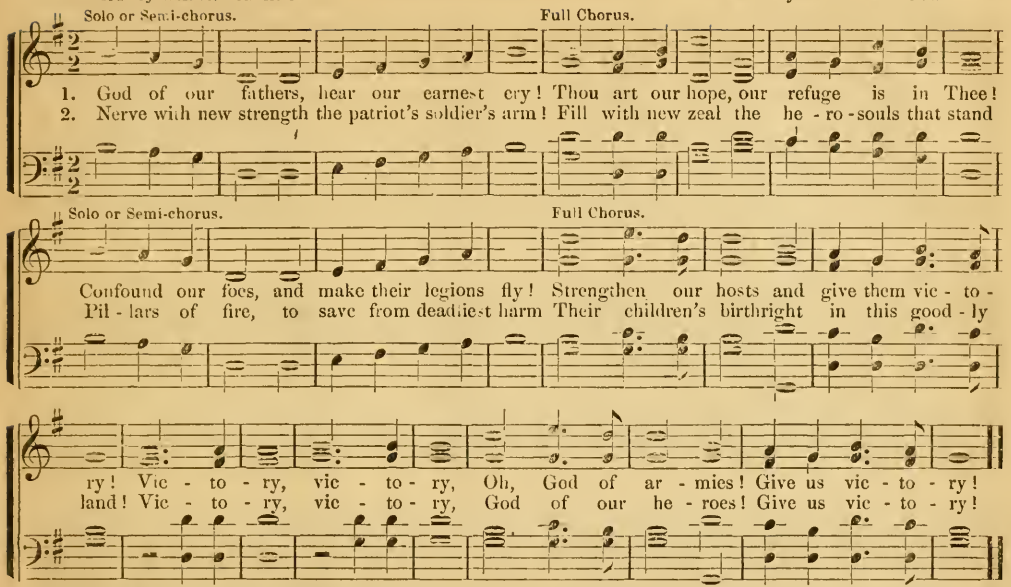
ANGELS BEAR ME AWAY.

Words by Rev. J. HASCALL.



THE NATION'S PRAYER.

Words by Wm. H. Burleigh. Music by Wm. Henry Burr.

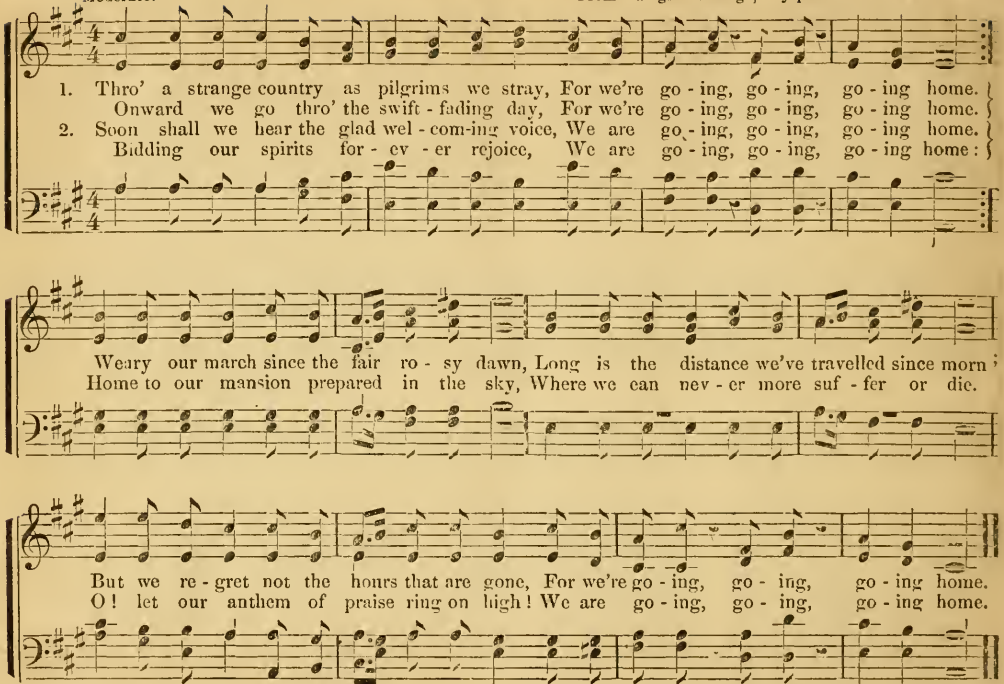


3 For the sad millions of the groaning earth,
Helpless and crushed beneath oppression's rod,
For every hope that hallows home and hearth,
For heaven-born Liberty, the Child of God,
Victory, victory,
God of the nations! give us victory!

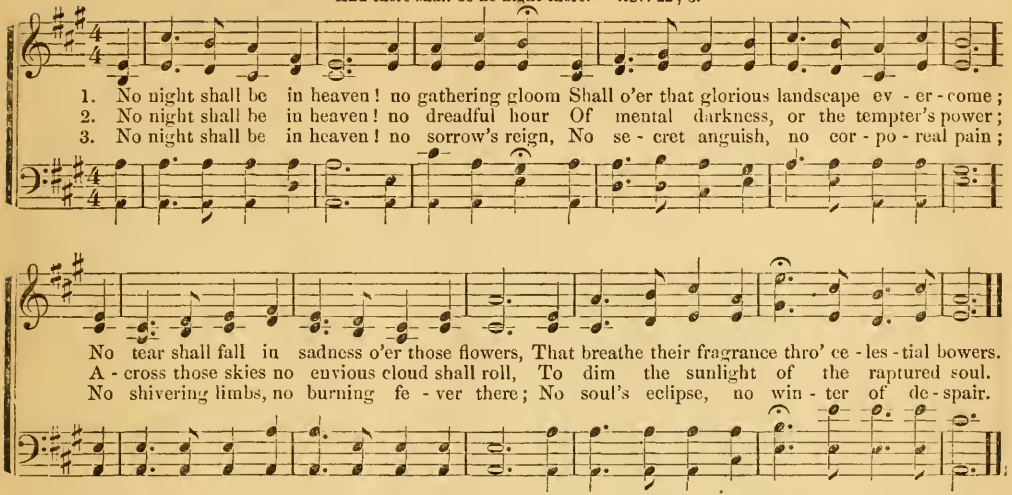
4 From war's red hell, involved in smoke and flame,
From up-piled altars of our noblest dead,
We cry to to Thee! Oh, for thy glorious name,
Make bare Thine arm and smite our foes with dread!
Victory, victory,
Oh, God of battles! give us victory!

Moderato.

From "Pilgrim's Songs," by permission of W. B. B.



"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. 22; 5.



4 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon;
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

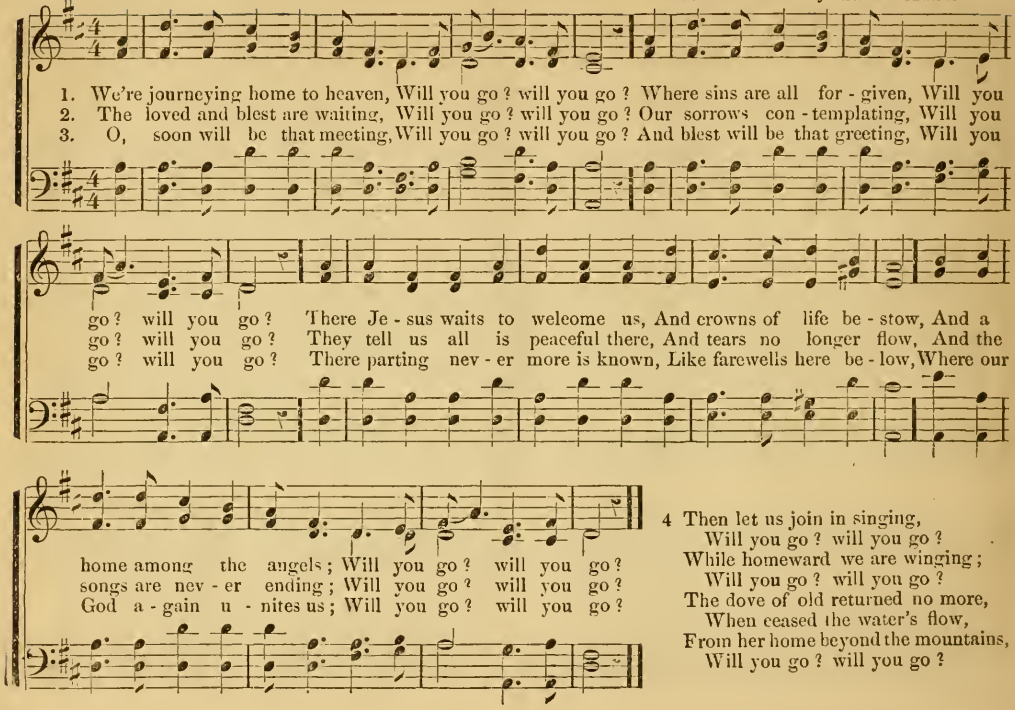
5 No night shall be in heaven—no darkened room,
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;
But, breezes ever fresh with love and truth,
Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

6 No night shall be in heaven! but night is here,
The night of sorrow, and the night of fear;
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
And shrink from others that may yet impend.

7 No night shall be in heaven! O, had I faith
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
That faith should make these hideous phantoms flee,
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth, to me.

JOURNEYING HOME TO HEAVEN.

Words and music by Jas. M. Stewart.



4 Then let us join in singing,
Will you go? will you go?
While homeward we are winging;
Will you go? will you go?
The dove of old returned no more,
When ceased the water's flow,
From her home beyond the mountains,
Will you go? will you go?

A beautiful home for thee 69
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed 37
All hail happy day 60
America 83
Angels bear me away 106
Are you waiting, angel-mother? 68
A glorious day is breaking 95
Beautiful land of rest 82
Beautiful river 50
Choral song 45
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Christmas Day 60
Christmas song 88
Cleansing fountain 12
Come all ye saints to Pisgah 62
Cross and crown 19
Dear Mary, sing for me the song 6
Disowned by my mother 22
Did Christ o'er sinners weep? 47
Down by the river 20
Dying soldier to his mother 44
Emmons 51
Fear not, little flock 7
Festal day 59
Give all to Jesus 38
God is near thee 80
Good will from heaven 17
Happy new year 97
Hark to the Christmas bells 40
Hark! what means those holy voices? 17
Heaven's not far away 104
Here we throng to praise 17
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Home of the blest 54
I am standing down by 20
I love Thee 25
I long to be there 105
I would see Jesus 73
Jesus, lover of my soul 53
Jesus paid it all 67
Jesus is mine 81
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Journeying home to heaven 110
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Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb 32
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Saviour, like a shepherd 7
Seek the Shepherd 8
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Shall we meet? 78
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The Lion of Judah 56
The people called Christians 65
They are waiting for me. 68
There, there is rest 101
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Thou dear Redeemer 51
There is a fountain 12
There's nothing now but heaven 4
This life is all a battle field 27
Though troubles assail 36
'Twas Jesus, my Saviour 56
Ups and downs of life 27
Waiting for the boatman 75
Watch, mother 5
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We'll wait till Jesus comes 29
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